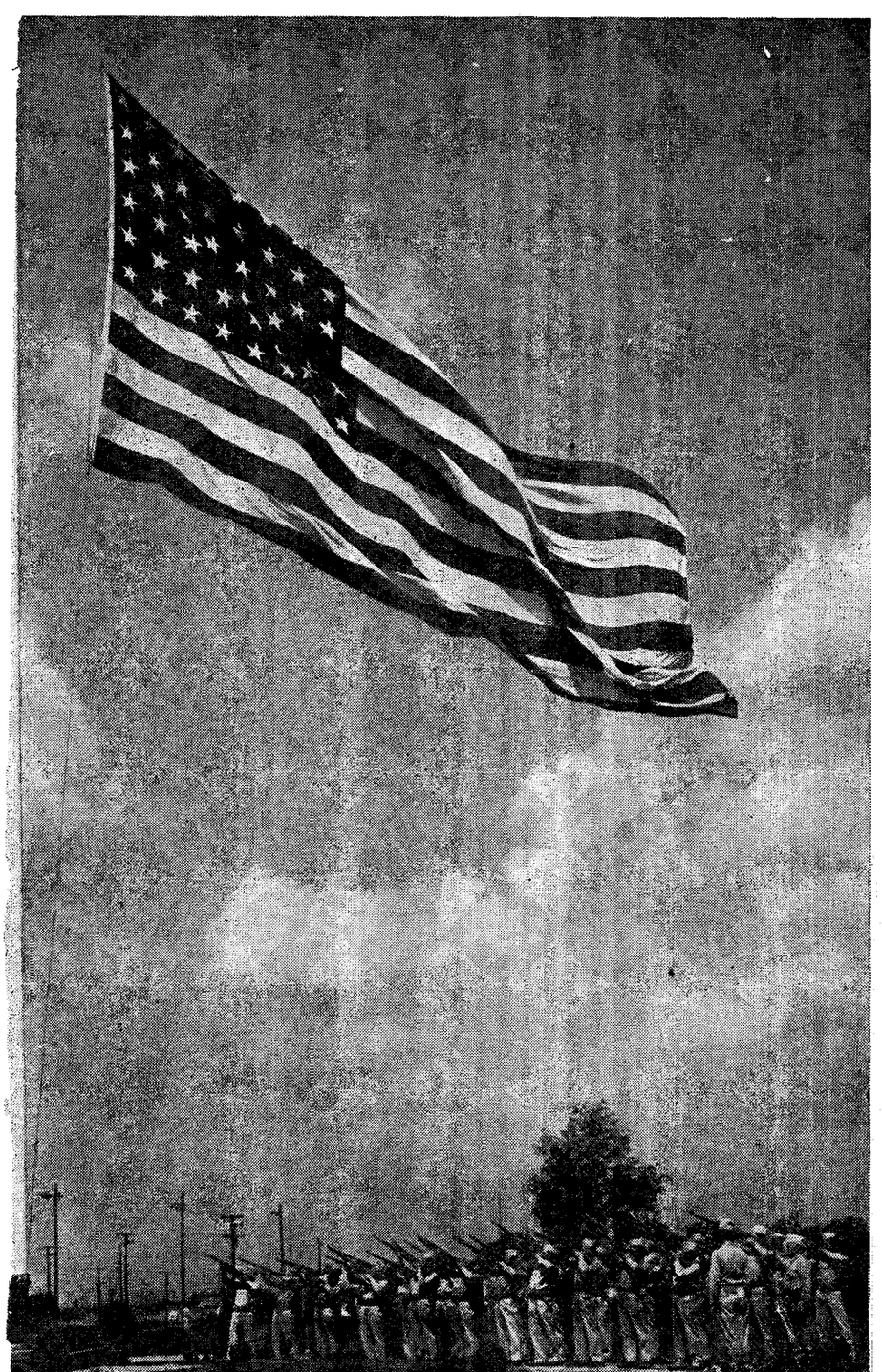
KEYS TO A CRUCIAL WAR WEEK By Joseph Starobin

NEW MASSES

July 14, 1942 15c in Canada 20c



A VIEW OF SOVIET PEACE AIMS

By Walter Rautenstrauch

THE REAL CRISIS IN BRITAIN

By Claude Cockburn

WOMEN: HOLLYWOOD VERSION

By Joy Davidman

In this issue: Elise Moorer, Wanda Wassilevskaya, Gropper, Theodore Draper, Alvah Bessie

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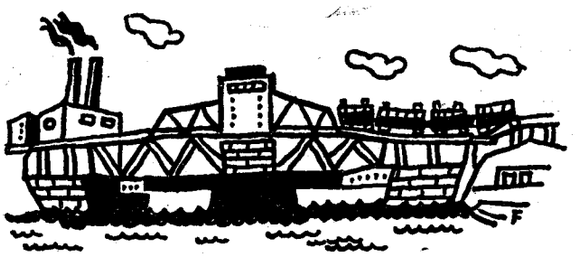
BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE NEVER had a better July Fourth send-off than this year's. It came just two days before the holidays—that Independence Day Rally at New York's Madison Square Garden welcoming back Earl Browder. Heaven knows we've heard a lot of July Fourth speeches in our lifetime and much of it is best forgotten—although, since this writer grew up on speeches by bearded poll-taxers, any oration that doesn't give Bunker Hill to Robert E. Lee is still regarded as a step forward. At the Garden the other night we heard no "orations" at all. It was wonderful talk, in the spirit of 1942 and therefore of 1776. And it was as vivid and exciting as the finest display of fireworks. There was just one uncomfortable moment when we thought our hands couldn't applaud any more and what were we going to do when Earl Browder appeared—his first public appearance since he returned from Atlanta. And then he mounted the platform and we forgot about sore hands. It's no use trying to describe that welcome to anyone who didn't witness it but if ever there was a more fitting July Fourth demonstration than this—this brilliantly colorful tribute to a valiant, far-sighted American leader of the war against fascism—we have yet to see it.



Coming back to our desk the next day, exhilarated and sobered at the same time, we worked double-fast with the prospect of an office building locked against us on the Fourth and a magazine to be put to press on the seventh. A holiday, unplanned for, was forced on us—and with it the problem of no place to go and no horse-and-buggy to get there. We decided to go anyway, taking a chance on train and bus, which landed us in a small rural town just in time for a War Relief party. It was a community enterprise with practically the whole town attending but with none of the stiffness one associates with "public" parties. The internal "good neighbor" policy, we were told, has never rated so high in the town as since Pearl Harbor. People who once greeted each other with no more than a nod have become friends. They work together, settle problems together, in civilian defense activities, war relief, knitting clubs, bond drives, and so on. It wasn't long before we were using first names, ourself. And, holiday or not, we felt that *this* July Fourth wasn't being idled away by the people we met. It was a heartening impression to take back with us; and it didn't depress our spirits one bit to discover at least two constant readers of NM in the town who were not only constant but enthusiastic enough to add a bit to what they had already given to the magazine's fund drive.

Again at the desk Monday, going over material for future issues, we reread with considerable pleasure the series of pieces Alvah Bessie has written for NM on Fort Bragg (North Carolina). Bessie spent some time there and his report on the place is extremely readable and informative. We also plan to publish, in the two forthcoming issues, the final articles in Bruce Minton's series on Congress. These are particularly important in view of the coming election campaigns and we are sure you will find them very helpful. A number of readers have thanked us for running the three previous articles because—we quote a typical letter—"they explain things I never really understood about the actual working of Congress and do it so smoothly, with so much fresh color and pertinent detail, that the writing itself is a pleasure."

Two of our "Sights and Sounds" reviewers—Joy Davidman, movies, and Alvah Bessie, drama—have gone on vacation, leaving that department, so to speak, minus eyes and ears. However, Charles Humboldt will cover the films for us during the next two weeks, after which Alvah will be back to pinch-hit for Joy, who is taking an extended—and much needed—leave in the country.

As we told you in the last issue, we have closed the NM fund drive so far as these pages are concerned, and we hope to raise the $13,500 still outstanding on our $40,000 goal outside the magazine—"with your help." We only want to remind you that that phrase still stands and it's important—more so as summer deepens and our difficulties increase. Please do not think of the drive as finished. The magazine is far from secure yet; we still look to you to help make it that.

Who's Who

ELISE MOORER is a free lance writer specializing in consumer problems. . . . Wanda Wassilevskaya is a Polish writer who escaped to the Soviet Union when her country was invaded by the Nazis. . . . Norman Gibbs is the pseudonym of a New York physician working in the field of public health.

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KEYS TO A CRUCIAL WEEK

Russia's defense and the Near East. The consequences of the delay in opening a Western Front. Joseph Starobin surveys the crisis days ahead.

IN THESE last seven days—the grimmest since Singapore's surrender—millions of Americans must have come to appreciate what our Russian friends had in mind when they emphasized that 1942 is the critical year of the war. In midwinter it sounded a little far-fetched; it didn't seem cricket that the war should be reaching its decisive stages so soon after our own involvement. But now it is clear that the Axis is trying to sew up the strategic seams of the globe before we get the chance to show the results of our mobilization. It is amply clear that the battles of the next few weeks will determine, if not victory or defeat, at least whether the war can be decided by next spring, or whether we shall face a long, desperate, uphill-all-the-way struggle into an indefinite future.

For six months we and our British allies had the chance of making this much less costly in the blood and treasure of our own and brother peoples. In the next six weeks we shall either pay for—or undo—the hesitations of these six precious months.

THE thing that strikes you right off, in thinking about the present moment, is not only how urgent the second front has become for our whole future, but how overwhelmingly the arguments for a second front last spring have been vindicated. I don't want to appear to be continuing the debate. With the Molotov-Churchill-Roosevelt agreements the issue has passed out of the debate and discussion stage. Only those like Alexander de Seversky, who makes so much of a fetish out of airplanes as Admiral Mahan made out of battleships, have the gall to declare that a land front in Europe is impossible or unnecessary.

But it is worth noting that one of the favorite arguments of the "no-actionaries" last spring was that a second front couldn't be opened because the Near East had to be defended. Suez was presented as a theater in which the war would be decided. The newspaper maps even told us that Europe could be more readily invaded from the eastern Mediterranean than from the Channel. For the sake of the Nile, we were told, it would be impossible to strike across the Rhine.

In his latest speech to the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill gave us some figures that throw a sad but revealing light on the essential mistake in strategic thinking that lies at the bottom of the present crisis. He said that some 950,000 men were shipped to the Near East, along with 4,500 tanks, 6,500 planes, no less than 50,000 machine guns, 5,000 artillery pieces, and 100,000 mechanical vehicles. Most of this must have gone in the last year, for the Prime Minister says that 50,000 men are being convoyed around the Cape of Good Hope each month. And during all the time we were told there wasn't enough shipping to cross the North Sea, shipping enough was found to sail 3,000 miles through the hostile Mediterranean and all the way around Africa, 10,000 miles or more.

The question that arises from these figures is whether the Middle East has been made secure after all this vast effort? Churchill himself gives no answer when he says: "We are in the presence of a recession of our hopes and prospects in the East as great as any since the fall of France."

It is clear that the trouble in Libya had little to do with the quality of British weapons. Churchill's absence in Washington could not have been the cause of it. And the failure of a half a dozen British generals to get the cobwebs of the nineteenth century out of their monocles is only a reflection of something much deeper.

The Near East is in danger today because the conception of how it was to be defended was wrong. It was wrong on two counts: first, the political policies pursued toward the native peoples, on which more later. And two, the policy of piling vast arms supplies and manpower into a secondary front, while leaving Hitler absolutely free from care in the decisive, highly industrialized areas of western Europe. And for this, we are paying, and will still have to pay plenty.

I am not saying that a similar concentration of striking power in the West would certainly have given us victory. Nor am I saying that the Suez region should have been left defenseless. But at least, it is now proven that the second front delay was not attributable to inadequate shipping or inadequate preparedness. And at least it is clear now that a similar concentration of men and supplies will bring us decisive results only if applied in western Europe.

The truth is that the Suez Canal can be made secure only by crossing the English channel. General Rommel could get to the Nile and much beyond, but it would not matter provided that General Eisenhower got to the Rhine in time. Suez may be held a while without a Channel crossing. Suez may hold for a week, a month, a year. But that is no longer strategy: that is gambling.

AND then there was another important passage in the Prime Minister's speech in which he complained of the unfavorable publicity Great Britain has received in the United States. He attributed this to the irresponsibility of his critics on the ultra-left and the sinister right. And undoubtedly they have been responsible for helping our own appeasers in this country to influence anti-British feeling. But the issue is not quite so simple. It is true that England's name has suffered—but not so much from parliamentary irresponsibility and not even, in my opinion, from the Libya disaster as such. To be perfectly frank, as real allies ought to be, the depression about England in this country comes from the delay in opening a second front.

And yet the ironic thing is that the good name of the British people has suffered, although it is the British people who have been fighting so well for a second front, and did so much to make possible the Roosevelt-Molotov-Churchill agreement.

Can the British fight? Our appeasers say they can't, and it does not make a fully satisfactory reply to recall the great fight that Englishmen made in the fall of 1940, for after all this is 1942. The truth is that they will fight extremely well when they get the chance to do what their minds are set on—the second front. And they will do just as well, even in Cairo or Bagdad, provided the native peoples are wholeheartedly mobilized in their self-defense. The most interesting thing about Claude Cockburn's cable elsewhere in this issue is that it reveals how relatively unconcerned the British workingman, and soldier, is about Singapore or even Tobruk: his mind is fixed on what is happening between the Don and the Donetz, the great part that he could play in deciding the whole struggle. Allowing for the Blimpery in Whitehall, allowing for British weapons as they are, allowing for most everything as it is, says Cockburn, Britons are passionate about the job they know they can do. In the colonial world the Englishman has had to fight a powerful enemy as well as the weight of two centuries of history; in western Europe a sound strategic understanding is

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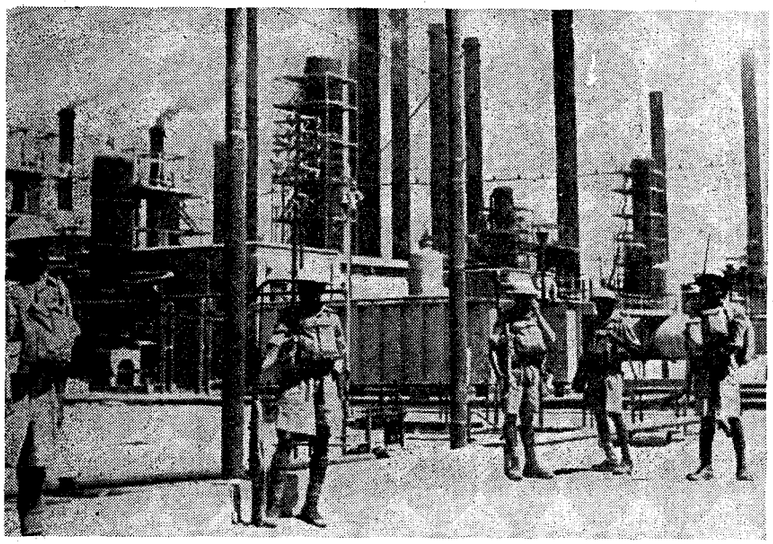


Hitler is after Iran's oil. British soldiers after the Anglo-Soviet occupation last August are shown on guard.

what would disclose the true valor of the British fighting man. The Rhine, the front of unconquered peoples—that's where the decision of the war will come, and that's where the Englishman's heart is. The second front is therefore not only the solution for the crisis at Suez, and the war's crisis as a whole. It is the way to change the reception of British news abroad. It is the way to strengthen the mutual confidence of all the United Nations.

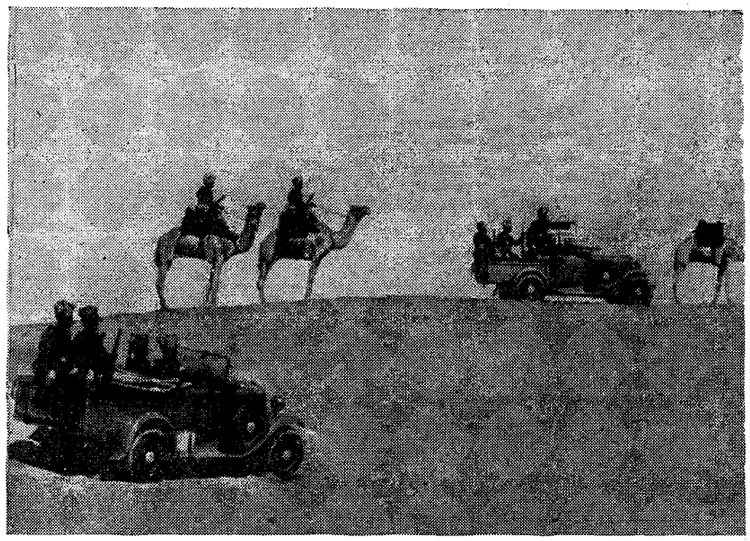
As FOR the Near East itself: how shall we measure its importance? Economically, its resources are not decisive for the United Nations except in the sense that if Hitler could gain the citrus and date plantations of Palestine and Iraq, the chrome ore of Turkey, the vast oil wealth of Iraq, Iran and Arabia, the excellent long-fiber cotton of Egypt, he could—unless interfered with in Europe—greatly extend the raw material base of his slave empire and so prolong the war. In the older strategic sense, as a passageway to Africa and India, and a lever in the European balance of power, Suez has lost the significance that Disraeli, Cromer, and Milner saw in it.

The importance of the Near East today arises from its strategic relations to the major fighting fronts and the particularly crucial moment at which it is being threatened. Eighteen months ago it might not have had a lasting effect on the war had the Near East been invaded: Russia, the Far East, the United States were not yet involved. Today, the Soviet front, all of Asia and especially India, the Arab world, Africa, and Turkey would feel severe repercussions if the Near East were lost. And this is what gives its defense an urgency, over and above the value of its resources and the fact that millions of people, whose national future depends on Hitler's defeat, live there.

The possible impact on Russia is obvious. Here we have the decisive front of the struggle, where the whole war can be won or lost. At this moment the Nazis are striking their heaviest blows; they are trying to dominate the plains where the Don and Donets rivers bend toward each other; they are trying to cut across the Don valley toward the mouth of the Volga and the northern Caucasus. If the Nazis were permitted to strike simultaneously across Iraq to the Iranian plateau, the Soviet High Command would face a vast pincer movement embracing the entire Caucasus. Last autumn there was talk that the British would have to send an army to the Caucasus, and most of this talk represented an evasion of the urgency of a second front. Today, it is clear that far from sending armies eastward, our British ally will have its hands full in western Egypt. Defending the Caucasus today can best be accomplished by maintaining the Egyptian flank, which in turn demands opening a front in western Europe.

The Nazi threat to Suez has another repercussion on the Soviet position in so far as Turkey, commanding the southern shore of the Black Sea, is affected. Turkey has two main strategic frontiers: the shortest and most easily defended lies across and behind the Dardanelles; the other merges into the deserts from Syria, through Mosul, and to the Iranian and Soviet borders, and this is the more vulnerable. Last summer, when Anglo-Soviet troops occupied Persia, and the British-Free French armies completed the occupation of Syria, this had the effect of covering the most vulnerable Turkish frontier with friendly forces. It enabled the Turks to concentrate their defenses across the Dardenelles. It served to reinforce Turkey's position vis-a-vis Germany, and apart from reasons of German calculation, it impelled the Nazis to respect Turkish neutrality.

But if the Nazis came up the Palestinian highways into Syria, the effect would be to uncover Turkey's vulnerable frontier, and wholly outflank the defenses of the Dardenelles. In other words, the Nazis would have nullified the significance of the Anglo-Soviet operations in Iran. They might not have to invade Turkey, nor even involve her in the war on their



Egyptian soldiers patrol the border. Tapping her manpower could make all the difference for the United Nations.

side. Their strategic advantage would change the present balance of Turkey's political relations in Germany's favor, and facilitate a further eastward movement against the Soviet and British position in Persia.

Southward from Suez, the Nazis would have a perspective of uncovering the Nile valley right into the Sudan, the highlands of Ethiopia, and eastern Africa. Khartoum, the terminus of the American airplane ferry, would be imperiled; so would our supply base at Eritrea on the Red Sea. The Free French positions in central Africa would be open to attack; in fact, the Nazis would gain a lever against the whole French empire, a crowbar to open up all of Africa. The Mediterranean from Gibraltar through Suez to the Red Sea would become a canal for the passage of Nazi U-boats into the Indian Ocean.

Thirdly, a Nazi success in Egypt would register most sensitively in the Far East. Apart from the fact that millions of Moslems in Asia are kin of the Moslems of the Near East, it must be remembered that the Japanese overlords are waiting for what happens in the west before opening up the next phases of their campaign. A vast pincer against the Caucasus could bring either the attack on India or Siberia, or both. The Axis would face the perspective of literally joining its forces at the gates of India, over the prostrate remains of the British Empire—and the political and psychological effects of such a Caesarian project can only be imagined.

So IT is impossible to think of the Middle East any longer in terms of the area as such. The deciding factors of this war are to be found in China, in Russia, in America, in

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the unfolding of British-American power in western Europe. The logic of the war has made it compulsory that the East be defended, no longer as a preserve and vestibule of empire, but as a flank and archstone for the war's decisive fronts.

I have already indicated that the fundamental error of the past year was to delay the second front in the hope of keeping the colonial fences intact. Russia has paid a heavy price as a result; British politics was torn open by the glaring contradiction between the readiness of the masses for action and the unwillingness of the government to give leadership; in the end the Near East was not only *not* made secure, but the really decisive fronts of the war were imperiled.

Does the Near East have to be defended? By all means, but in a totally new manner. It has to be defended within the framework of the basic strategy of a two-front war in western Europe, first—and second, it has to be defended by enrolling the native peoples from Sudan to the foothills of the Hindu Kish under the banners of national liberation. Just as it has become clear that India will not exert its great potential strength in this war if its defense is based on imported troops, while the population is treated as bystander property, so in the Near East the decisive political precondition to military success has become the self-activity of the native peoples.

America's situation in the Caribbean today is not the healthiest imaginable, but any of our generals will understand how difficult the defense of the Panama Canal would be if in Cuba, Costa Rica, Mexico, we had the heritage that the British are facing at Suez, Palestine, and Basra.

The Arab world is by no means a homogeneous community. The fellaheen of the Transjordan has not reached the historical level of the skilled artisan in Syria. Arabia, which is ruled by the strongest Arab leader, Ibn Saud, is separated by dynastic and religious distinctions from the Arabs further north. Palestine is something else again—and not the least horrible aspect of the Nazi threat is the terrible fate that a Nazi victory would deal the 500,000 Jews of this much-promised land. And then there is Syria and Lebanon, which, after a twenty-year struggle with French imperialism have at last gained from the Free French and the British government the acknowledgment of independent, national sovereignty.

A Turkish anti-aircraft unit raises its sights. Turkey is watching the Suez defense from day to day.

But for all these differentiations, there is still one rule that can be applied in this area: and that is that its defense depends on how quickly the peoples of these countries are enrolled under the banners of their national liberation. "The age of imperialism is ended," said Sumner Welles in a recent speech. It was good to see that Mr. Welles knows it. But unfortunately, the trouble is that millions of Arabs don't.

ECONOMIC as well as political measures are needed. In *Asia* magazine for April 1942, Albert Viton points out that the great citrus industry of Palestine exported some 16,000,000 cases of fruit in 1938. Last year only 200,000 were exported, mostly to neighboring countries at very low prices, a drop of more than ninety percent. And dates for Iraq, cotton for Egypt are as decisive as citrus in Palestine. The whole social structure of these countries depends on a wise, necessity-of-war economic policy. In Egypt, the 1941 cotton crop has still not been disposed of, and though the British government purchased it in full, haggling over a few million dollars created a government crisis. Diversification of crops is important in some countries: the growing of wheat in the Nile flatlands, for example, could relieve the almost desperate food crisis of that country.

Beginnings have been made in specific political measures, but a great deal more has to be done. Above all, the policy of relying on the dynastic families, the semi-feudal and obscurantist elements, has got to change. The experience of Malaya, where most of the petty potentates and sultans made their grubby peace with Japan, must not be repeated in the Near East. The formation of a Wafd government in Egypt under Nahas Pasha is an example of these beginnings; and the British will undoubtedly find that the Wafd, the party of the national bourgeoisie in Egypt which has been fighting for full independence for a whole generation, is likely to prove a far more reliable ally in defending Egypt than the politicians of the royal court, with the strings trailing them so obviously to the Italian and German espionage centers. In Syria, also, the formation of the new national government is a step forward. But much more needs to be done: in Palestine, a joint Arab-Jewish mobilization from the hundreds of thousands of willing volunteers is not only the necessary adjunct to the Ninth and Tenth British armies, but the political sulfanilimide that will help heal age-old wounds of the Holy Land.

And in this whole process, it is not, as one British paper said after Singapore, a matter of opportunity knocking at our door. History is battering down the gates.

As this is being written, the news from Egypt happens to be better, and the news from the Kursk-Kharkov sector worse. These have been dark weeks and they may be darker yet, but the considerations of this article go beyond the immediate headlines and so must the strategy of the war, the thinking of every soldier of the United Nations.

Our Soviet ally faces the supreme crisis, of which their statesmen warned us months ago. Whatever they will have to do, at least we know they are resolute, as realistic as they are brave. The real question which must undoubtedly be troubling them is whether *we* have learned the lessons of the past six months, have grasped, and are ready to face the gravity of this moment.

There is a grim moral in the tale of two cities. Sevastopol and Tobruk were both lost, one in six weeks, another in six hours. Tobruk's loss was not cheaper—25,000 captured as against 18,000 Soviet dead and 8,000 missing.

It was not cheaper in terms of figures, but also in the deeper sense. There is no cheap way out of this war. There is only a determined struggle—of which the two cardinal elements are a policy of national liberation and independence for all the peoples who are and can be our allies; and second, realizing the Molotov-Churchill-Roosevelt agreement by throwing everything we Americans and our British allies have into the Western Front, in whose fires alone victory can be forged.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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BRITAIN'S REAL CRISIS

Claude Cockburn corrects some false impressions about last week's debate in Parliament. What the soldiers think. Weapons and the factories.

London (by cable)

ANYWAY nobody can complain that the Parliamentary oppositionists failed to do their bit in offering comforts to the troops. Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, author of the motion censuring Churchill, offered them the Duke of Gloucester as commander-in-chief. And Aneurin Bevan, the "left" Laborite, offered them Aneurin Bevan. All very wide and handsome. What "the troops" thought about it all I do not pretend to know. I can, however, give you the gist of about a score of conversations with soldiers well known to me since that parliamentary debate started.

I would say that the most striking and most pointed comments come from officers and men actually working with some of the most criticized new weapons of the mechanized forces. By and large these men figure that while the weapons they have are certainly not as good as fancy could paint, they are reasonably good in the hands of men who are trained hard enough to fight with them effectively. They are about equally divided in their degree of interest in the discussion of whether or not better weapons might at some time or other have been provided.

Some favor drastic inquiry and some think it's too late for that. What they are all interested in is trying to figure out from the newspapers and the parliamentary reports just why the army in Libya, and above all at Tobruk, did not get out of the weapons the value which these men still in training believe they themselves could have gotten. It is an important point. Because the suggestion has been pretty assiduously spread that the defeats in North Africa have permeated British soldiers with the idea that there is "nothing to be done" with the available weapons. And Axis propaganda is hard at work trying to suggest to the men themselves, and still more to their relatives, that it would be hopeless and criminal "to open a second front until (1) the government has been taken to pieces and put together again, and (2) the whole munitions situation has been thoroughly overhauled."

BUT in reality that is not the attitude of these men. They have the confidence of men who have undergone a very hard training and believe they can get on top of the situation. One of them said to me: "You know that I know just how many things have been wrong in the factories. You know what I think of the old school tie. And with all that I believe that if we can pack our whole punch behind the attack in Europe we are well enough trained, tough enough, and just about sufficiently well-armed to beat them."

Another point that arose from these conversations is this; when people imagine that the army is profoundly depressed by the defeats in Africa, they assume that the army has been looking at the campaign as though its whole prestige and honor were at stake. Well, I will admit, somewhat to my surprise, that I find that the army men I have talked to seem to have regarded the North African affair all along as a sideshow. I am not talking higher strategy and so I am not saying how far they underestimate and how far they are right about the matter in terms of higher strategy. But that is how they feel.

They felt the same way about Singapore. And they have felt it much more strongly and positively since the announcement of the three-power agreement to open a continental second front this year. I do not think that you would find anyone in the lower ranks of our army—anyone who counts for anything—who did not welcome the agreement 1000 percent. It is true that for pretty obvious reasons there is plenty of criticism of the British High Command. On the other hand, there is the firm belief that the Soviet commanders know just exactly what it is all about and what is to be done about it. And in this connection there is another point about the weapons which comes up often: they say, "After all, the Russians are able to make good enough use of our tanks even with the two-pounder guns so why should we be wrong in thinking we have learned how to use them, too?"

All these attitudes, in fact the whole British political situation, have to be seen against the background of the following fact. By and large among the key men in the non-commissioned ranks of the British army there is a strong political sense of this as the crucial period of the war, and a deepening appreciation of the meaning of the Anglo-Soviet alliance.

THAT is one part of the background. Here is another bit of background. For weeks past there has been a great deal of production trouble at one of the principal shops of one of the biggest armament factories in the country. By trouble I mean trouble about whether the particular job was being got on with as quickly and as efficiently as it might be. There were discussions between the shop stewards and the management and among the men on the jobs themselves. The other day, with the urgency of the situation created by the fall of Tobruk, the management called upon the leading members of the Communist Party in the works to form a shock brigade to deal with and clean up the situation. I have a report which shows that this is being satisfactorily done. I believe it is true to say that such developments are probably more significant of the situation here than the more fully reported developments in Parliament.

It is necessary to distinguish in this sense when one talks about a "crisis" in Britain. There is not a political crisis in Britain. But that may seem to be an understatement in view of the prolonged parliamentary debate following the North African defeats. Nevertheless, there never was the least probability of an overthrow of the government, and the character of the debate itself gives us the pointer to the character of the real "crisis." This is something quite different from the sort of situation which according to Mr. Churchill appears to have been suggested by some correspondents of American newspapers here. The word "crisis" is probably not the right one. It is a situation in which every factory and every factory worker, every armed unit and every member of such a unit, are faced with a continually mounting demand upon their ingenuity and their energies. It is a continual urgent call for the putting forth of every possible effort and improvisation; and of course for the exercise of all the powers of constructive criticism and suggestion.

THERE is and must be a continual crisis in the war factories. There was, as we all know, a much more serious crisis in the German war factories last winter when Russian resistance prevented that switch of manpower from army to industry which had been undertaken by the Nazi government the two previous war winters.

There is and must be a continual crisis in the armed forces and in the relation between the forces and the War Office, the War Office and the other departments, and the service departments and the supply departments. All this is obvious and is a necessary phenomenon. That is not to say that the various crises in this sense have been solved satisfactorily. It is clear to everyone who knows the industrial and supply situation, and who is aware of the degree to which British Blimpery still rampages in Whitehall and in certain of the army and other commands. It is a type of crisis which will continue sharply to develop and will demand the utmost vigilance on the part of the people and their representatives, from shop steward to member of Parliament.

But it is desirable to be clear about the nature of the problem. It is precisely because the problem—the "crisis"—is of this particular character that you have the otherwise surprising situation which from time to time arises in the Commons. This is not a situation which calls for demonstrations against the government although it is obviously one which is susceptible of being exploited by defeatists and Munichers. They will be defeated. The real struggle is the struggle for increased efficiency in the whole war apparatus and in the elimination of saboteurs and deadheads from government departments and from the government itself.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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Freedom for Puerto Rico

NEWS that President Roosevelt has approved a plan whereby the people of Puerto Rico will elect their own governor, by 1944 if the war's over, or shortly after, comes as the beginning of the fulfillment of the Atlantic Charter.

It comes also apparently on the recommendation of the present governor, Rexford G. Tugwell, as a result of the struggle he has been having with a small group of powerfully entrenched reactionaries in Puerto Rico, who draw their inspiration from the Spanish Falange. Tugwell, whose resignation is now expected, has learned in his brief stay in Puerto Rico that his measures for improving Puerto Rico's food situation and assuring the future of this important Caribbean outpost of American defenses have the wholehearted support of the people, including the majority of the recently elected national legislature, but a group of merchants and agents of the big sugar companies, most of them tied to the Falange, have been blocking his program with incredible bitterness.

And one of the levers they have employed is the traditional irritation that exists in Puerto Rico with the dependent status of the island. As Earl Browder pointed out in his Madison Square Garden speech of July 2, Puerto Rico is really a Latin American nation; but she has been treated as a colony.

So the reasons for President Roosevelt's step are manifold: it has become clear that real security for the Puerto Rican base is not only a matter of fortification and navies, but depends on the cooperation of the people. And it has also become clear that the influence we must wield in bringing about rapid changes in British colonial policy, as in India, will be compromised unless the United States takes the lead in making the terms of the Atlantic Charter real for Puerto Rico.

It is a step forward, this latest measure, and does credit both to Tugwell and the long struggle of the Puerto Rican people themselves. But it is still a hesitant step. What must be done is to assist the diversification of Puerto Rican economy, to lower prices on foodstuffs, to curb the grip of the sugar monopolies. Breaking relations with Franco, as well as Vichy, becomes vital in smashing the power of Franco's stooges in Puerto Rico. And the whole process would bring far more satisfactory relations for all the hemisphere if, instead of waiting until 1944 to elect their own governor, the Puerto Rican people were granted what is theirs by right: independence now.

Memo to Mr. Biddle

JUST what is it, Mr. Biddle, that has paralyzed that right arm of yours which was all set to strike a blow at Goebbels' agent Charles E. Coughlin? Since the suppression of *Social Justice* Coughlin has begun building an underground organization out of its old subscribers. He is also establishing a high school to inoculate young boys with his traitorous ideas. Whom are you appeasing by your failure to act against the fifth columnist Charles E. Coughlin? Whom are you appeasing by your efforts to deport the patriot Harry Bridges, and your smearing of a patriotic organization, the Communist Party?

Tearing the House Down

IT LOOKS, at this writing, as though an unhealthily large number of congressmen are set on making a shambles of President Roosevelt's seven-point program. The violent assault on price ceilings is only one feature of the general attack, which is directed toward bringing the whole house down after breaking up the furniture. By cutting appropriations for the Office of Price Administration from a recommended $161,000,000 to $75,000,000, the House majority has attempted to cripple Leon Henderson's power to control prices and rents. The result of this attack is already reflected in two OPA decisions: to raise ceilings on canned fruits by fifteen percent; and to permit quality deteriorations in garment manufacture. The OPA Consumers Division, which has been picked at by profiteers all through its existence, is suffering from lack of funds and many of its workers are being fired.

Linked with the offensive against the OPA is the twin attack on the Farm Security Administration and on the government's request for permission to sell its wheat surpluses below "parity" (a request already granted by the Senate). The latter issue needs a little explaining. Parity, as most people now know, is the relationship of farm to industrial prices as it was in the period of 1910-14. Congress has refused to place ceilings on farm prices below 110 of parity. However, the wheat surpluses held by the government date from a considerable time before this law was passed. The government proposes to sell this grain for stock-feeding purposes at eighty-five percent of parity. Its theory is absolutely sound: that while there are surpluses of grain, there are potential shortages of pork, beef, milk, chickens, and eggs. Hence, make the grain available and help prevent shortage of these other foodstuffs essential to fighting the war. The so-called farm bloc can't see it that way. They will risk being short of any food for the army and civilian population in order that their big-farmer friends may stay long on profits.

The result of this attitude is that, as we go to press, the House and Senate are deadlocked on agricultural appropriations and there are no funds for running the Department of Agriculture, with its 81,000 employees. But that isn't all. Besides cutting down on the availability of grain for feeding, the House majority has cut the Senate appropriation for the FSA from $222,800,000 to $127,700,000. The FSA, according to the slashers, is not a "war effort." All it does is lend money to small farmers to produce food—and apparently the congressional tories don't regard food as important to the war effort.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has a phrase for these wrecking groups of congressmen: "selfish and power-hungry." He used it in a letter responding to seven labor, religious, and small farm leaders who protested to him the slashing of FSA and the "parity" diehards. It is an apt phrase, but the profiteering sympathies of these groups have wider, more dangerous implications. If they can abolish price ceilings, create farm shortages, and start an inflation spiral, then they will have damaged the war effort indeed. And if they can use the threat of an inflation to freeze wages and depress labor's living standards and morale, they will deserve a medal from Hitler. It is already evident from their speeches that this is what they are attempting to do. It is evident, also, that, unless stopped, they will use every possible tactic to tear up the seven-point program. Talk of a sales tax has been revived—on the grounds that the present bill won't raise enough revenue. Of course it won't; it's over $3,000,000,000 short. But whose fault is that? The sales-taxers', who refused to tap wealthy sources while they broadened the income-tax base to include the sub-standard groups.

IT IS significant that President Roosevelt, in his letter denouncing the power-hungry,

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expressed gratification at the unity and understanding of the seven leaders who wrote him. He also predicted that "the people" would hold the obstructionists "to strict account." The people are already swinging into action. Some sections of organized labor have offered their services as "price wardens," to check on violations of the law. Protests against the FSA cuts and the "parity" obstructionists have been registered in Congress. United action by both labor and consumer groups is bound to bring results. Most of Congress has to face the polls in November and the calling to account will be relentless. For the sake of victory in this war, it can be nothing less.

Wage Policy

"INFLATIONARY spiral" is the bogy conjured by officials of Little Steel to avert a dollar a day increase requested by the United Steel Workers of America. These officials have been answered in a report to the War Labor Board submitted by a four-man panel after an investigation lasting several months. All four of them, including industry's representative, Cyrus Ching, recommend a substantial wage increase in Little Steel—and they recommend it on grounds which are important to the whole question of wage stabilization. First, it is pointed out that the four Little Steel companies—Republic, Bethlehem, Inland, and Youngstown—are able to grant the requested increase without difficulty from profits remaining after taxes are paid. Besides, the report adds, to withhold justified wage increases because of profit taxes is to impose a tax burden on the workers themselves. Second, and more important, the buying power of the steel worker's earnings has decreased 13.3 percent during the past year because of higher living costs in the steel towns.

So much for the justice of the union's demands. As for the danger of inflation: "It is clear," says the report, "that the national money income shares importance with the consumers' 'pie,' and that, though the latter will shrink, the former will grow. To ask labor to accept less than its proportionate share of the nation's money income in order to prevent labor from acquiring too much pie leaves out of account that money has value even when it must be saved." A fair division of the shrinking "pie," as we have pointed out before, entails an equable rationing system—not cutting down the income of workers whose spending is largely in the field of food, clothing, and rent rather than in durable goods where shortages exist. And rationing, plus price ceilings, is the effective preventive of inflation—not holding wages to a sub-standard level that also impairs the worker's morale and his capacity for the all-out effort. As we go to press, the WLB has not yet announced a decision on the panel report although it has held hearings at which both the union and the companies are represented. That decision will have grave importance in the nation's war economy.

Murder-by-Poll-Tax

ODELL WALLER was not snatched out of a jail and strung up on a tree. He was lynched with formality, in an electric chair, and in accordance with an old bourbon custom as effective as swamp hangings. That custom is trial-by-poll-tax. Two years ago Odell Waller, a Negro sharecropper of Virginia, was convicted of killing a white landlord who had cheated him out of his share in a wheat crop. In the jury that tried him there was not a single Negro, not even a "poor white." They were not allowed to serve on the jury—the only persons eligible for such service were those who had paid Virginia's poll tax. Waller was sentenced to death, but the national protest impelled two Virginia governors to grant him five reprieves. Governor Darden, however, even after a fifteen-hour hearing on the case, refused to commute his sentence to life imprisonment: Odell Waller was executed on July 2.

What cheering news for the Axis, that another American Negro has been lynched. Adolph Hitler now has the satisfaction of knowing that the poll tax is a double weapon in his cause. Not only does it keep in power Martin Dies, Howard Smith, and their friends—but it operates against democracy in the courts also. In the case of Odell Waller, the poll tax was powerful enough to withstand protests from Philip Murray and William Green, from clergymen, civic leaders, some of the best known people in America. President Roosevelt, who has evidenced a real desire to stop jim-crowism in war industry, still refused to heed all pleas to intervene in the Waller case—although it is inseparable from the whole jim-crowism pattern.

Yet there is available an immediate way to abolish this wrong against democracy: by passing the Pepper-Geyer bill, which forbids the poll tax in federal elections. Pressure can, and must, be brought on Congress to enact this measure. Similar pressure can finally push through the anti-lynching bill. It can end Jim-Crowism in the armed forces, discrimination against Negroes in civilian life. The Waller case did not end with the electric chair—it is too symbolic for that. It is up to organized labor, to all American citizens, to consider and to take action—*now*.

On July 6 the cables brought word to America that Eugene Petrov had been killed at Sevastopol. To the thousands in this country who had read translations of his writings, the news must have been hard to believe. For those thousands had been delighted by the high spirits and wit of the satirical "Little Golden Calf," written with his collaborator, the late Ilya Ilf. Some had met Petrov during his visit to America with Ilf in 1935, and remembered his lively, humorous mind and vivid personality. People of the Soviet Union knew him also as Lieutenant Colonel Petrov, a brilliant war correspondent on the staff of the Soviet Information Bureau. He spent much of his time at the front, often in great danger, and was finally killed at his post. Eugene Petrov, like other Soviet writers, was proud to wear a uniform in the service of his country, willing to risk death in that service. Writers in other countries must surely feel proud of him too. His courage symbolizes the supreme heroism of the defenders of Sevastopol.

Spotlight on New York

THE very proper emphasis that has been placed on the congressional elections in this crucial war year should not obscure the importance of certain state and local contests. This is particularly true of New York state, which is a major influence on national events and hence a factor in shaping our country's course internationally. Right now there is a good deal of debate taking place over possible candidates for governor. In both major parties the machines have picked their men and are expecting the forthcoming conventions, still two months off, merely to go through the motions of ratifying decisions made long in advance. But within both parties and among the voters generally the feeling is growing that the machine choices, Attorney General John J. Bennett and Thomas E. Dewey, won't do. The American Labor Party as well as the Communist Party is agreed that they won't do. Bennett is just a routine hack, with no understanding or enthusiasm for the foreign or domestic policies of the Roosevelt administration. Dewey is what might be called a Pearl Harbor patriot whose position prior to December 7 was strongly tinged with isolationism and whose more recent pronounce-

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ments show a tendency to compromise on basic questions.

Dissatisfaction among the voters has manifested itself in the movement to draft Wendell Willkie, one of the few Republican leaders who has given active support to our government's course in foreign affairs. Despite Willkie's announcement last week that he would not be a candidate, efforts to draft him are continuing. There is likewise a movement under way, one that has already enlisted large labor support, to secure the Democratic nomination for someone like Lieut. Gov. Charles Poletti or Sen. James M. Mead. The Greater New York Industrial Union Council of the CIO made what seems to us a happy suggestion when it proposed a few days ago that President Roosevelt, Governor Lehman, and Mayor La Guardia get together and choose a candidate "who can win the support of labor and progressive forces."

One thing is certain: a broad coalition will be necessary to elect such a candidate. As Israel Amter, Communist standard-bearer, pointed out in an Independence Day broadcast: "Neither the Republican, Democratic, nor American Labor Parties, standing alone, represent the united win-the-war forces of the state. . . . What is needed in our state is a coalition of the win-the-war forces—the powerful Labor groups, the New Deal Democrats, and win-the-war Republicans, who place nation above party, yes, a grand coalition of the people, from the conservative to the Communist."

Echoes of Rapp-Coudert

IT IS an ugly piece of irony that in the week of July Fourth, Morris U. Schappes' appeal has been rejected by the Appellate Division, First Department, of the New York Supreme Court. Schappes—to review the case briefly—was convicted in General Sessions on June 28, 1941, on charges of perjury. Specifically, he was "convicted" of misinforming the Rapp-Coudert committee about the extent of his knowledge regarding Communist activity at City College of New York, where he was an English instructor. The trial rivaled the Rapp-Coudert hearings for unfairness: stool-pigeon witnesses, a Red-baiting judge, and a jury that admitted beforehand to anti-Communist prejudices. Despite public protests, Schappes received a sentence of one and a half to two years in State Prison. In rejecting his appeal the Appellate Division simply refers curtly to what it calls "overwhelming proof of defendant-appellant's guilt." His claim that he was given an unfair trial is not challenged.

There is even more involved here than a case of flat injustice, contrary to democratic procedure. Schappes is well known as a progressive trade union leader and anti-fascist. He has been working steadily in support of the war. Coudert, who led the Red-baiting pack against him, is a member of the law firm which represents the Vichy government. We point out this contrast because it highlights the tactics and motives of Red-baiters—who, in the recent words of Congressman Sabath of Illinois, attack Communists "solely to hide their own fascist activities." The Schappes Defense Committee, which is taking the case to the Court of Appeals, deserves support from all anti-fascists, all believers in justice. There are two ways of expressing that support: by sending funds to the Committee, at 13 Astor Place, New York City; and by urging Governor Lehman to see to it that Schappes be allowed to continue his work for the war without interruption.

Half Way Is the Wrong Way

IS AMERICA waging all-out war against the Axis? Are we matching the victory-or-death spirit of the Russians and the Chinese, the stubborn aggressiveness of the British people, the heroic self-sacrifice of the unconquered peoples of the conquered countries? Hardly. We have made great strides since Pearl Harbor, and among the plain people of the country there is no lack of readiness to give all that the struggle requires. Yet in every phase of the war effort there is abundant evidence that we are either still winding up or, at any rate, not bearing down on the ball with all we've got.

Take such an elementary matter as the building of our armed forces to carry the fight to the enemy. One idea that has been definitely exploded by the fighting in Russia is the illusion that this is primarily a war of machines requiring only limited forces in the field. True, this idea has reappeared in a different form in recent months: the propaganda, of which Major Alexander de Seversky is the leading exponent, that a mere bombing offensive, rather than a land invasion, is sufficient to beat Germany into submission. But there is no indication that this fallacy is seriously entertained in responsible military or governmental circles, and the Washington-London-Moscow agreements for opening a Western Front in 1942 are official recognition that bombing can be no substitute for land operations.

Yet, though it is clear that a new Western Front in Europe, as well as the fronts in the Pacific, Asia, and Africa, will require millions of trained American troops, we still hesitate about mobilizing our full available manpower for the armed forces. In the Soviet Union, in Britain, in Asia and Africa, youngsters of eighteen and nineteen are shedding their blood for *us*, as well as for their own countries, but we are still saying that our own eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds are "too young" to fight for *their* country and *their* future. This seems to us a gross libel on hundreds of thousands of young Americans, so many of whom, during the recent registration of the eighteen-, nineteen- and twenty-year-olds, expressed their eagerness for active service. It is an open secret that when Congress amended the Selective Service Act last December, it exempted the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds for political reasons, the sights of many members being leveled on the approaching elections rather than on the hard necessities of total war. We do not share these legislators' low opinion of the patriotism of our citizens. We are confident that the mothers and fathers of America, were the issue clearly explained to them, would give their younger sons as readily as they give their older.

About 3,000,000 young Americans registered on June 30. But only some 500,000 of these, who have reached the age of twenty, will be eligible for military service under the present law. In other words, there are about 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 physically fit young men who are being kept out of our armed forces at a time when they could be training to help open a Western Front in Europe and man the existing fronts elsewhere.

This qualified, as against an all-out, participation in the fight against fascism is also evident in the failure to utilize smaller plants in war production, in the continued appeasement of Vichy, Madrid, and Helsinki, in the gingerly treatment of fifth columnists like Charles E. Coughlin, and in many other aspects of our war effort. These weaknesses—weaknesses which are translated into defeats and inadequacies on the battlefield—flow from wrong policies and wrong conceptions that have not yet been fully overcome. They are part and parcel of the theory that America's role in the war is to be one of limited liability and of the strategy which was geared to striking the decisive blow in Europe in 1943 or 1944. Though both this theory and strategy have now been officially abandoned, we have been slow to draw the practical conclusions from our new orientation toward the war and our strengthened alliance with the Soviet Union. But time does not wait for us. In Europe, in Africa, in Asia the Axis still has the initiative. It is *our* lives, *our* institutions, *our* cities and fields, *our* future that are threatened. Let us grasp with both hands our responsibilities and opportunities so that America may play its full part in winning victory in 1942 and the peace in the years to come.

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A VIEW OF SOVIET PEACE AIMS

The clues can be found in a study of Soviet policy before and during the war. A leading engineer presents his approach to the problem.

Walter Rautenstrauch is one of the country's outstanding industrial engineers. He studied at the University of Maine and Cornell and has been teaching at Columbia, where he is head of the Industrial Engineering Department, since 1906. The author of several books on technological subjects, he is also a member of the National Research Council and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

THE probable peace aims of the Soviet Union may be surmised from the history of its development both with reference to its economy and its foreign policies.

While it was recently stated by Stalin that the republics of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Karelia, Moldavia, White Russia, and the Ukraine, now largely under Nazi domination, should be included in the Soviet Union at the close of the war, no agreement to this effect was entered into by Molotov in the recently concluded British and American treaties. The governments of these republics are at present established in the Soviet Union and their representatives are being elected under the Soviet system. They are recognized as the accredited representatives of their people, many of whom are fighting in the Red Army. The continuance of these Baltic republics as members of the Soviet Union would be important to peace in Europe first, because of what it means to the peoples of these countries and, second, because of the significance to the Soviet Union of the strategic position of these republics. It would not be surprising if the Soviet Union would also accept similar protection on its borders farther south. Stalin himself has pledged the creation of a strong independent Polish state after the war. All of these matters are well known and have been restated by the Soviet Union from time to time.

It is probable that another of the peace aims of the Soviet Union is that there shall be no subject peoples, forced to pay reparations and held in economic bondage to another group. While the leaders of the Axis powers should be punished, the Soviet Union has stated the people themselves should be given the freedom to choose their own form of government and elect their own representatives in that government. Under such circumstances it is highly improbable that the people of the Axis governments will choose the kind of government which leads a people to the exploitation of others and to war.

We can get a fairly good picture of what to expect from the Soviet Union at the peace table, when we realize certain significant facts of its organization. In the first place, the Soviet Union has no investments in foreign territory; that is, there are no powerful investing groups among its citizens who own securities in other lands. This means that the Soviet Union will have no designs which will lead to mandates or colonial possessions because it doesn't follow the principle of foreign exploitation. There are also no investments by foreigners in the industries of the Soviet Union, and therefore the Soviet Union does not have to be in a trading position at the peace table and has a clear conscience in the making of its peace.

Again the economy of the Soviet Union does not depend to any considerable extent on foreign trade in the sense that she needs those kinds of political trade treaties with other nations which give her an economic advantage in a world competitive market. Therefore, it is not likely that any of her proposals will reflect such a need.

It is also interesting to reflect on the fact that on three different occasions the Soviet Union went before the League of Nations and proposed programs of disarmament, and on three other occasions the Soviet Union proposed to other powers in Europe, that there be agreements of collective security. Failures to act on these proposals are now remembered with regret. In view of this history it seems, therefore, not at all unlikely that the Soviet Union will again make proposals looking toward disarmament and collective security.

It also appears probable that the Soviet Union will do all things possible which will not only enable her to build up her internal economy but will also make it possible for the conquered nations to do as much. The Soviets have an expanding economy which was only temporarily interrupted in its expansion by the need of building up a war machine against invasion. If collective security arrangements are adopted which will make it unnecessary for the Soviet Union to devote such a large part of its energies to the building up of a war machine she will then be in a position to continue the remarkable advance she has already made in building up her internal economy.

I AM rather inclined to the opinion that the representatives of the Soviet Union sitting at the peace table will be more concerned about the *program* of international arrangements than the mere verbalisms of peace aims; as a nation she has learned what every engineer knows, that the product made depends on the machinery used. In other words, she has learned that you cannot maintain peace, no matter how nicely phrased the aims may be, when you set in motion those processes of doing business which inevitably lead to conflict. The peace aims of any nation must be judged by the particular program it established for carrying on its relations with its own and other peoples. There will probably be no significant differences among the united nations as to the basic principles and aims of the peace conference, but there will probably be some difference as to the methods proposed by which these objectives are to be attained. These differences in method will reflect the principles of the economies by which the several nations operate. Accordingly, since the Soviet Union operates on the basis of a cooperative economy, we may look for proposals for carrying out the peace aims which she has found, by experience, to have a high probability of establishing a durable peace between peoples.

One of the important things about any treaty, including peace treaties, is the sincerity with which we may expect it to be carried out. On this point it may be well to reflect on the statements of Ambassador Davies to the effect that the Soviet Union has been foremost among nations in carrying out its agreements. He states specifically "Diplomatic history will record that of all the nations of the earth, none has a finer record of living up to its treaty promises than the Soviet Union." This, together with the testimony of others, should lead us to understand that the peace objectives of the Soviet Union will be sincere, that the methods proposed will be workable and the agreements made will be faithfully adhered to.

WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH.

Prof. Rautenstrauch's article is a continuation of the discussion of postwar problems which New Masses began recently in two articles by A. B. Magil. The new US-British-Soviet agreements constitute, of course, the foundation for the future peace aims of the USSR and all the United Nations. We would welcome the participation of our readers in this discussion.—The Editors.

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GET IN THE SCRAP

It may only be a tin can or a discarded raincoat to you, but piles of them mean more machine-guns, more tanks. Things to know about the salvage drive.

PERHAPS your salvaged tin cans were put out for collection on the last announced "pick-up" date, and you probably felt that you were setting a good example for the neighbors. You may take it more seriously next time if you'll remember even a part of the following: If *all* cans were saved in New York city alone, they would provide enough scrap metal in a year for 30,000 anti-aircraft guns, 360,000 aerial bombs, 1,850,000 fifty-caliber machine guns, 75,000 medium tanks, and an astronomical number of fighter planes which take only a pound of scrap each but must have that.

Salvage on any such scale goes far beyond the best efforts of you and your neighbors and winds up as a government responsibility, especially that of city governments. But it's still your contribution that is crucial. And what have you done about the President's big rubber drive? That was not only a yardstick for future gas rationing, but actually rubber may yet become even more important than scrap metal, with literally no source left us for the original product. And one-third of all rubber used in defense can be scrap. Twenty-five feet of garden hose can supply enough rubber for seven gas masks and four men's rubber overshoes enough for a pair of army shoes. If you turned in an old hot water bottle, it helped to make up 100 pounds of them, which would equal fifty-seven pounds of crude rubber. The list of facts and figures is almost endless and the lesson is obvious.

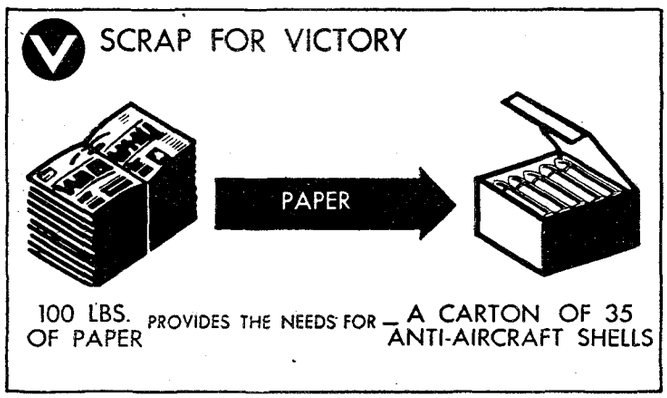
We have heard more about tin cans and rubber lately than anything else, but we will have to become really systematic about all salvage. Each kind of metal is important to the war effort and this means zinc, nickel, and copper in addition to the iron and steel we generally think about. Your apartment house superintendent is more likely to dig up those things than you and you should speak to him if you haven't. But here are a few old things you might have around and what they stand for: A pair of roller skates, an old door lock, or a broken down trash basket can supply scrap metal for a thirty-caliber machine gun; a five-pound flatiron can furnish iron for four hand grenades, and an old bedspring (sixty pounds) can take care of steel for two four-inch 105 mm. shells.

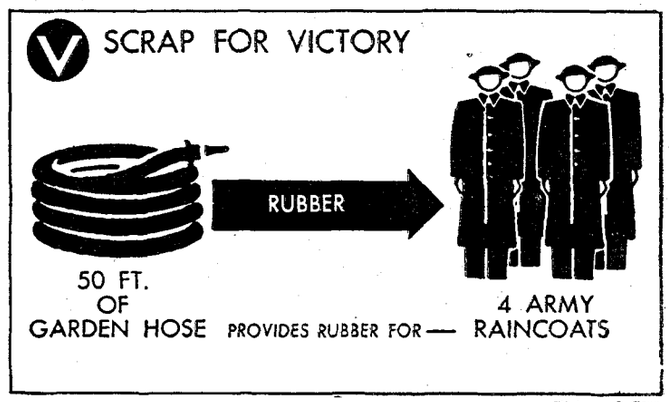
GREAT BRITAIN was slow in getting her salvage drive under way too. And her whole sluggish war effort picked up after the people became salvage-conscious and began getting support from their government, particularly local governments. Bradford, England, achieved 100 percent increase in salvage following a direct appeal to sanitation workers and some good general public education. The "Director of Public Cleansing" for that city believes his success could be duplicated anywhere. In a British area of 6,400,000 population the people saved 348,000 tons of metal in a year. In New York City, roughly comparable in population, the present salvage rate approaches 30,000 tons—a deplorable figure, the reasons for which I shall try to indicate later.

In England the housewife long ago learned to set up four garbage and trash containers: For "pig food," cans and old metal, bones, and wastepaper. By now she's probably got a fifth for rubber. The bones are for glue, glycerine, and fertilizer (we still don't need household bones as a source for these things). As to wastepaper our government recently halted the collection drive due to an oversupply. But these different requirements don't mean that we can't profitably learn the British way by keeping our cans and metal, our rubber and our garbage carefully separated. We have reason enough to imitate them. More than a year ago the British Controller of Salvage estimated that the savings accomplished equalled 250 ship voyages annually, and the metal salvaged by households up to then was enough for 10,000 tanks. This is undoubtedly a considerable achievement in the light of shipping difficulties.

REMEMBER that the canniest salvagers from way back have been the Axis powers. In Japan they have been systematically collecting old hats and anything else you could name, while it wasn't so long ago that we laughed when we first heard how the Germans were collecting old toothpaste tubes, of all things. Now we are saving worn-out rubber stamps and the insides of pianos—*and* toothpaste tubes. Dozens of other items will be added as time goes along.

But even with 100 percent willingness to help, a lot of Americans are confused about what to do and how. The government is urging them to sell their scrap material as readily as to give it away, but sometimes it's hard to find out how to do either. In general you can sell large quantities of any kind of





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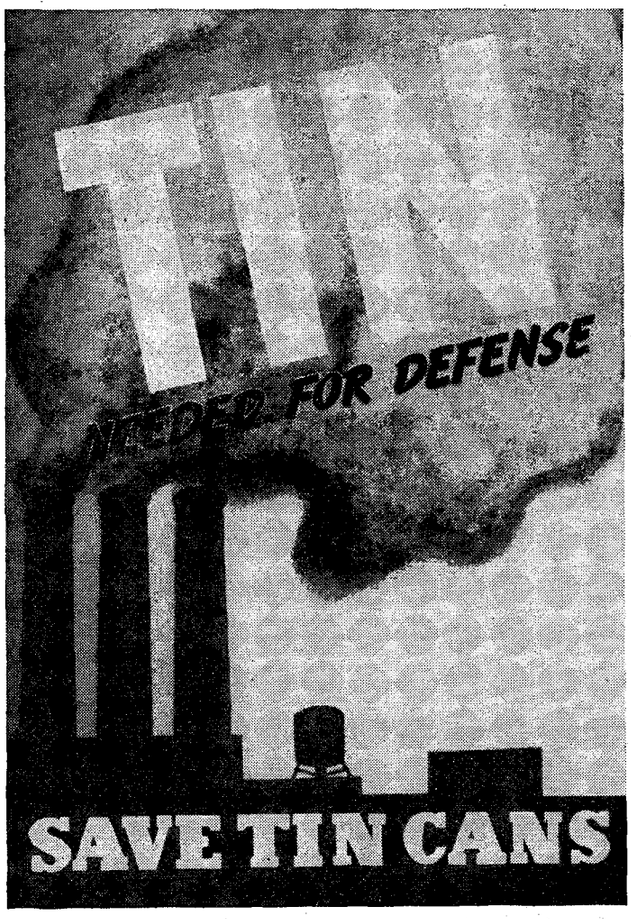
scrap and still be perfectly patriotic. It's the small quantities, which sometimes can't be sold but which are a lot in the aggregate, that provide the headaches. Charities like the Salvation Army will generally accept the smaller amounts of salvageable stuff, but you may find that you have to deliver them. This shouldn't be too much to ask and you can get definite instructions by telephoning first. Your City Salvage Committee will tell you what charities to contact, and if you live in the country the Department of Agriculture and the WPA will help you.

Farms are turning out prodigious quantities of old metal—rust doesn't matter, so weathered ancient boilers and broken plows are being dug out of the underbrush. School children are particularly useful scavengers in the country. The kids love the salvage drive anyway and most cities with good campaigns on depend a lot on efficient school organization, usually under the Parent-Teachers Associations.

Definite salvage instructions now involve first the order: Save your rubber. You took it to the nearest gas station during the President's drive, to donate or sell. If this arrangement hasn't outlasted the drive, you can still sell it if you have enough. Call a charity organization if you haven't. You probably will soon be asked to save your cooking fat in clean cans and deliver it in pound lots to your butcher. Or the American Women's Voluntary Service will take it now. Don't save paper, at least for a while. Cooperate with the local tin can collection if you have one in your town; start asking for one if you haven't. For heavy metal, rags, glass, etc., the general rule—try the junkman if you have a lot, charitable organizations otherwise. The government may yet find that it can speed the salvage drive by making an appeal for outright gifts. There are price ceilings on scraps, necessary to keep down the total cost of the war, but they prevent you and the small peddler from making much money on cast-off odds and ends.

But the ultimate future of the salvage drive lies in the hands of thousands of local sanitation officials, the only people who can conclusively prevent a lot of indispensable material from being burned, buried, or dumped in the sea. The federal government has a strong responsibility too, which should include cracking down on these people when they persist in "business-and politics-as-usual." Too many of them are operating under this slogan and the authorities are still conciliatory about it.



One of the many posters submitted by students in the contest conducted by the New York City Salvage Committee. This one is by Harold Abrams of the Industrial Arts High School.

THE people themselves are conserving pretty well, for "hopelessly wasteful" Americans who haven't yet gotten the organized help they deserve. The various city salvage committees, set up under the War Production Board's Bureau of Industrial Conservation, are doing good jobs in many places considering the frequent lack of city government support. And the municipalities themselves are showing the right kind of leadership in a few places—invariably the ones where we find the "model salvage campaigns."

However, most traditional methods of handling this problem are wasteful. Most cities sell salvage rights to their garbage contractors. Their process is about like this: the readily salvageable metal is saved, together with a few rags and odds and ends that peddlers collect. Trucks are loaded with no idea of later salvage, and the cans and old metal which happen to be on the rear end land at the bottom of the pile. Workers pick some material from the top and the rest, useful and useless stuff alike, goes into the incinerator, the garbage scow, or the landfill, which means burial. This method has been enough to assure nice profits to contractors. And there's no use telling a garbage collector or the incinerator worker that it's now against the law to burn a tin can. Nobody has changed the way his job is to be done, although he can bend your ear telling about how it *could* be changed.

New York City is a good place to examine if you want to learn both what is wrong with the salvage situation and what can be done about it. Fortunately for the country a lot of smaller places have better records. New York lets its salvage rights to two firms, and their efforts result in about three percent salvage, according to some estimates. The city also has a Commissioner of Sanitation, William F. Carey, who frequently locks horns with the militant and patriotic sanitation workers union. The union, an affiliate of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America, CIO, has worked out a complete salvage plan under which it would happily cooperate with the city on any one point. About the only one it has put over involved the correction of a wrong, not the introduction of a positive benefit. The sanitation commission called on its workers to be patriotic and give their Sundays to the collection of tin cans on a voluntary and highly wasteful basis. The union's fight resulted in the change to Wednesday and Thursday collections with a smaller number of extra trucks required, a saving in gasoline and tire wear, and better all around results.

THE big factor in successful salvage operations today is the magnetic separator, and the demand for the use of this device in New York is the backbone of the union's fight. The separator is used at the incinerator, where a system of sieves first eliminates quantities of material, after which all ferrous metals are magnetically extracted. Using the separators, Pittsburgh is getting 100 percent salvage on tin cans, at a profit. The union points out that many cities have made the device pay, while aiding the war effort at the same time. These include such scattered places as Milwaukee, Miami, and Tucson, Ariz.

Trucks should be loaded so that salvageable material would not later be buried. The union thinks that with proper loading of all trucks only a few extra ones need go out to make possible daily collections of carefully separated salvage material. Special dumping points for salvage should then be established. The

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public could learn to keep metal, rags, rubber, and paper in separate containers. And apartment house owners would be less likely to incinerate cans and valuable scrap indiscriminately, as they are still doing. Even the present limited salvage operations are skipped at a number of New York incinerators, where the sanitation workers' union estimated that in a week twenty percent of the city's refuse was destroyed outright. In general the union's recommendations are based on programs now under way in places like Pittsburgh, the area around Hartford, Conn., and many other towns with good salvage records. In these places city governments always are to be found taking the initiative in both work and education. When this happens, public cooperation follows, which means a good salvage warden system.

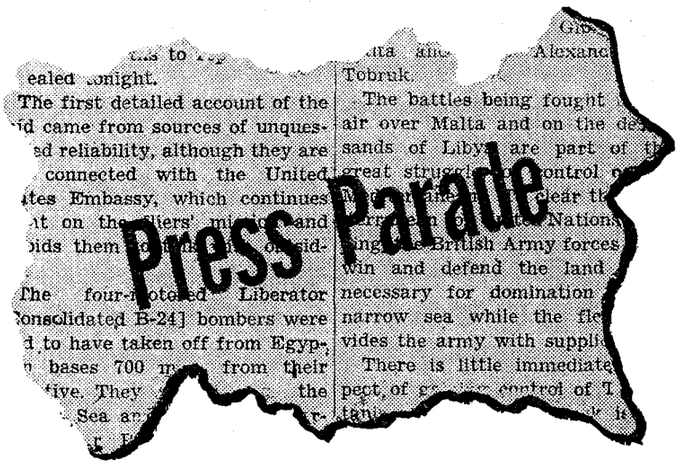
In New York the sanitation workers union has an education plan for both department workers and public—the first kind of education would help the second, as the workers are continually being asked questions which they haven't the information to answer. But the commissioner has refused to put slogans on trucks, to let the men wear arm bands, or to take any interest whatever in frills like radio programs with talks by sanitation workers. The men on the trucks know their neighborhoods. They know where a good job is being done and who is falling down. Education and organization would permit them to make regular reports and these should be passed on to salvage wardens. As it is, there are next to no wardens in New York to receive and check on reports even if any were made. There won't be until the sanitation department is jogged into a more patriotic attitude.

PART of the right kind of education in any program would involve home "processing" of salvage. This refers to such things as the instructions for preparing tin cans, which are pretty familiar although poorly observed. They involve peeling the label off the can, cutting out both top and bottom and saving these ends, then pressing the can almost flat, with only a tiny space through which the detinning fluid will later flow. The rest of it so far is mainly a question of keeping material separate—remember the four British containers. If you are again asked to save paper, it will have to be kept flat and rags should be baled. These things are simple enough, yet they provide the worst stumbling block even in good salvage campaigns. A housewife will possibly keep her cans separated, but she will not yet process them, in most cases. It's hard for her to understand such "nonsense" and the intimate kind of education that the city or town can give is called for. It's appalling to realize that when she dumps her dirty cans out with the ends and labels still attached, they will be lost even in many cities which have can collections. (Some still do not.) A few WPA workers and volunteers here and there are available for the processing and that's about all—unless the drive is very well organized. Philadelphia and Perth Amboy, N. J., are places which have good records for processing.

But even if the cans would surely be saved, the housewife and her family must get it through their heads that the more of these "silly little things" they do at home, the more people are released for vital war work and in the long run for the front lines. If as little as ten percent of the cans in a single batch have not been prepared, the whole thing goes through the detinning process a second time. On salvaged but non-processed cans in general, there is about a fifty percent loss.

In case you read that an old woolen suit would provide enough wool for two army blankets, it's to be hoped that you didn't turn yours into scrap without a little thought. Unless the suit was literally in tatters, you'd have done better to give it to a charitable organization. And for the future, first make very sure you can't still use it yourself. Remember, conserving what we have, making it last, is an important part of the same big job—refilling the gap in the salvage cycle.

ELISE MOORER.



"Lay Off Those Reds"

WE NOW learn that although the society of the Vindicators has been dissolved by Senator Robert Rice Reynolds of North Carolina, chairman of the military affairs committee of the United States Senate, he is not going to cease the publication of his interesting little paper, "The American Vindicator," which tried so hard prior to Pearl Harbor to nullify the international policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This little paper proposed to keep America out of the war and one of the ways it was going to keep us out was by hindering aid to Britain.

Since the war started it has ceased to oppose aid to Great Britain and has turned its guns on the domestic policies of FDR and the Communists.

It is a tribute (or something) to the American democratic system of government that as outspoken a critic of the administration can be the chairman of one of the most important congressional committees.

From a realistic standpoint it is probable Senator Reynolds is not doing his country much good today by low-rating our friends, the Reds.

That's one argument we can well afford to drop until the war is won.

Fayetteville (N. C.) "Observer."

War of Nerves

THE Germans are obliged to call back to Germany the officers who are serving in the army in Holland as well as their wives and families. These wives are constantly being called to the telephone: "Have I the honor to speak to the widow of General X or of Colonel X?," and on the indignant and frightened protests of the wife, the mysterious voice goes on: "Well, if he has not died so far, I warn you that he will not live the next week." This campaign which is repeated very ably with numerous variations has created a real psychosis of fear and discouragement in a certain part of the German army and the same technique is developing now in the other occupied countries.

Genevieve Tabouis in "Pour la Victoire."

Free Space

A WASHINGTON newspaper friend writes that when Foreign Commissar Molotov visited New York City incognito during his recent trip to this country, he was most impressed not by the Empire State Building or Radio City, but by Macy's.

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PARTY BOOK

"COME on, Katya, come on. . . ."

Katya was handing over cartridges, feverishly, hurriedly. Unruly wisps of blond hair broke away from under her kerchief. Alexei was busy with the machine gun.

"Come on, Katya, come on. . . ."

The long cartridge belt moved rapidly through the rattling machine gun. Katya would hurriedly hand over belt after belt.

"Katya!"

"Yes."

"Telephone again. Report to the colonel, do you hear? Tell him everything."

Katya crept away behind the bushes. After she rounded the tiny hillock, she started toward a house nearby, to a telephone.

"Get me the city, the city, number 35 there."

"They do not answer."

"Come on, come on, try 36."

"No answer."

The receiver clicked. Katya wrung her hands, rushed toward the window. There, beyond the hillock and the bushes, the firing was growing hotter and hotter. With trembling hands she again grasped the phone.

"Darling, honeygirl, this is Orlovka calling . . . Orlovka . . . Darling, get me the city, number 35. . . ."

"No answer."

"Darling, darling, understand, this is Orlovka calling. Orlovka! Get the city. Get any telephone connection!"

"I will try again. Just wait . . ." said the voice in the receiver. Katya vainly tried to keep herself from trembling. Somewhere in the distance she heard the operator trying to make connections. The wires crackled, and a voice persistently repeated:

"Hello, city! Hello, city . . . city . . . city. . . ."

"Hello, Orlovka . . ."

"Yes, I am here. This is Orlovka . . . Orlovka. . . ."

"Connection with the city is broken. They are repairing things now. You'll have to wait."

Katya's hands dropped in momentary despair. She ran out of the house, crawled back toward the bushes, and finally managed to reach her people. Alexei turned his sweated, smoke-begrimed face from the machine gun.

"Well, how did you make out!"

"Connections broken down. They are being repaired."

Alexei clenched his teeth.

"Katya, take a look at Grisha. I haven't heard from him for quite a while."

Katya crawled toward the right, up to the hillock. The young guard was lying face down. Her lips cautiously touched a youthful cheek. It was still warm. She slipped her hand under the boy's blouse—the heart was no longer beating.

"Dead," she reported to Alexei.

"Nine, now . . . come on, Katya, come on with the cartridge belts."

Katya jumped to her work. Widened eyes kept involuntarily turning toward the other side, toward the narrow stream with the tiny bridge across it. Germans—on the other side of the bridge. Constant flashes of fire against the bright green.

"Come on Katya, come on. . . ."

They were lying, closely hugging the ground, hidden by some bushes and lush, wild growing weeds. The Germans were entrenched a bare 300 steps away.

Katya mechanically handed over machine gun belts, and mentally counted—yes, nine, only nine now. Grisha can no longer be counted.

Somewhere, right close by, someone began to groan. Now there would be only eight, no longer nine.

"Katya, try again. Try once more. Maybe they have already repaired it."

Katya again crawled and ran.

"Orlovka . . . Orlovka calling. Darling, get the city."

"Connection will be established within two hours."

Katya dropped the receiver and ran back.

"Alexei, connection within two hours."

"In two hours we won't be here, Katyousha darling."

She hurriedly counted the men again. Seven. Yes, only seven left now. . . .

"Katya, your hand is bleeding. Dress your wound and go over to see how Platon is."

Katya hastily bound her hand and crept away into the bushes.

"Get away from here, you are wounded already."

"Never mind, Katyousha, it's only slight. . . ."

"Katya!"

She heard her husband's voice, and rushed away to him.

"Listen, Katya. . . ."

Alexei did not even turn his head toward her. His eyes were glued to the place beyond the bridge.

"Do you think you can get the truck out of the barn?"

She staggered backward, as if someone hit her in the chest.

"Can you," He would not look at her. His eyes were on the distant green background with flashes of red fire.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Listen carefully, Katya. There are important documents

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in the closet. Get them all into the machine and deliver them to the colonel personally. Understand?"

"Alyosha, I'd rather stay here . . . I cannot. . . ."

"Katya, immediately! Understand? At once! Any minute it might be too late. The documents, everything that's in that closet. Understand, Katya?"

"Yes."

He would not turn, even for a single glance at her. And she did not dare touch his hand stretched back for another cartridge belt.

"Get the truck. Travel at top speed. As fast as you can. Take the revolver, do you hear? Remember, Katya, seven shots—the last one for any emergency, understand?"

"Yes. . . ."

She started to crawl quietly into the bushes, when he suddenly called her back.

"Katya, wait a second. Take my Party book with you. Collect the books from the others. Deliver them all back."

She took the tiny red book. Crawled over toward the others. There were only five of them. Five books were handed over to her.

"Take the books from the others."

She searched the pockets of the dead ones. Here they are—all the tiny red books.

"Remember, Katya, get benzine ready. In case of anything, pour it over the documents and set them on fire . . . remember the seventh cartridge . . . hurry, Katya, hurry. . . ." Suddenly she felt all of her desperate, uncontrollable love for this man.

"Aloysha. . . ."

"Never mind, Katya, never mind. Hurry. This is true love, Katya."

This is true love. She painfully bit her lip. And carefully crept away. The edges of the tiny red books dug sharply into her breast.

LATER—on the run. The house. The barn. The huge truck. Katya quickly started the motor. There, behind the bushes, they must surely hear its roar. Alexei is listening for it.

"Now, this is true love . . . true love. . . ." Her dried, burning lips kept on repeating these words, as she backed the truck out of the barn.

She is on the highway, desperately clutching the steering wheel. Full speed. More speed. Until the wind whistled into her ears. Green trees, white houses kept flashing by, as she flew ahead . . . faster . . . faster. . . . Alexei's words kept repeating: "Hurry . . . Hurry . . . Or it might be too late. . . ."

At one crossing she had to stop and ask for directions. She did not know this locality. It was the first time she had been here. Just one evening—one night with Alexei—after a six months' parting.

Finally the city. She was stopped for questioning. She replied mechanically. Someone directed her to headquarters. Soon she was laboriously climbing the stairway. Floor after floor. What an interminable stairway. One door, another, a third. A room crowded with men in uniform. Green hats—the same as Alexei's, as the other men over there. Her heart contracted with pain as she approached the table.

"Commander Alexei Nazarov ordered me to bring these documents." And she handed over a few briefcases loaded with papers. The man at the table coolly accepted the papers. Quietly, carefully stacked them up.

"And now, sit down, comrade, rest up."

She wanted to say that she was not tired, but her legs gave way. She sank heavily into the chair. Her head was still humming with the terrific roar of the motor and the rattle of machine guns.

The man at the table reached for the telephone.

"Get Orlovka."

Katya waited.

"Orlovka. Get Orlovka at once!"

Katya's breath almost stopped. Her fingers convulsively grasped at the edge of the table. Her burning eyes tried to bore into those of the man at the table. Tried to read in his eyes an inkling of what was happening at the other end of the wire.

"So! That's right!" And he carefully put down the receiver.

"What is the matter?"

The man slowly rose, and came out from behind the table. He took her cold, tightly clasped fingers into his own.

"Orlovka does not answer."

"What? Still no connection?"

"Dear, brave woman. . . . What can we do? It is war. The Germans are in Orlovka."

Incongruously, suddenly, snatches of a half-forgotten song flashed through her tortured mind. Words of a song Alexei used to love and often sing to her. Alexei, her own, dearest, beloved Alexei. . . .

But she quickly regained her self-control.

"I have to go . . . how do I get to the District Committee Headquarters of the Party?" She was told where to go.

Another room. Another desk. Another man behind it. Again her heart contracts with pain. Whom does he resemble? Oh, yes, he looks so much like Grisha. The youngster Grisha. The one who was the first to fall.

"I brought these Party books." And she slowly pulled them out of her bosom. Ten tiny, crimson books.

"Where did you get them? Whose are they?"

Katya slowly straightened up, as her ringing voice reported:

"Ten Party books of comrades of the Red Army who perished early this morning. They remained at their post to their last breath in the fight against the Germans."

The secretary slowly stood up. The Party books remained on the desk. Ten tiny crimson books—like drops of living blood.

WANDA WASSILEVSKAYA.

Illustrated by Roja

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INVISIBLE SABOTEUR

Each year venereal infections cause the loss of 63,000,000 man-days in the battle of production. What labor and management can do about it.

THE impairments of industrial efficiency in war production caused by monopoly patent control or raw material shortages are spectacular enough for everyone to see. The day-to-day sabotage of illness is not so obvious. Yet among the impairments due to disease, the annual toll of industrial accidents and occupational poisonings often reach the public ear. All loss of time from accidents and illness related to the shop, however, aggregates only five to ten percent of the total time lost due to illness! The other ninety to ninety-five percent of time lost is from illnesses completely non-occupational.

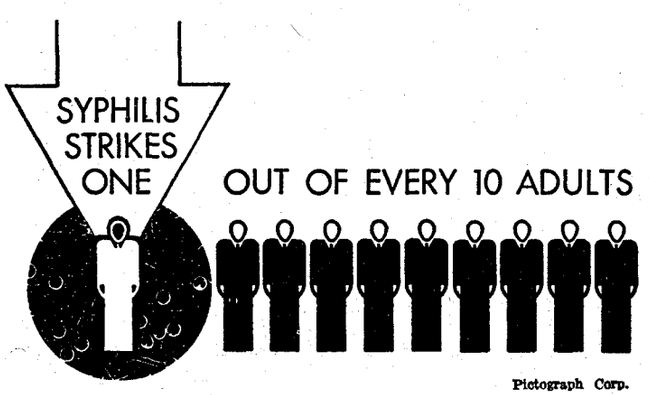
Among these non-occupational disabilities is one group of diseases which takes on additional importance in the stress of wartime life: the venereal infections. Although medicine can today do more to prevent or cure them than it can for most other serious diseases, these infections are again on the increase.

The venereal problem in the armed forces is widely recognized; how could it help but be with syphilis and gonorrhea constituting the chief cause of loss of time from active duty in the army and the second chief cause (the common cold is first) in the navy. But in the battle lines of production, the problem—because it is more insidious—has hardly been appreciated.

UNLIKE the venereal diseases in the armed services, the problem in industry is not predominantly one of *acute* infections. Since men taken into the services are free of disease when they enter, any veneral infection must be acute, and acute cases are routinely hospitalized. In industry, on the other hand, the problem is mainly one of the *late effects* of syphilitic or gonorrheal infection. For while acute infections naturally occur, they are usually not incapacitating. All effects considered, each year an average of one and one-half days per worker are lost to industry, due to venereal disease.

In dollars and cents one and one-half days lost per year from venereal infection means for America's 42,000,000 gainfully employed workers a direct wage loss of about $330,000,000 a year. But this is only part of the loss. What is more important is the 63,000,000 man-days lost from production—much of it production of war materials. In addition, there is the reduced efficiency of the worker with syphilis or gonorrhea or one of the rarer venereal diseases (granuloma inguinale, chancroid, or lymphogranuloma venereum) who doesn't take off for his complaints—but whose energy is at a low level, who doesn't function quite up to par. And a further factor is the general demoralization that so often occurs in the entire family when venereal disease strikes home.

Syphilis and gonorrhea are diseases that strike mainly persons eighteen to forty years—the most productive, the most economically important years. They are very different diseases. Syphilis is harmless, usually painless, at first—but then the germs spread through the body to do their damages years later. They may cause the heart diseases which makes a worker tire easily and suddenly drop dead one day on the job with a ruptured aorta. They may cause the bone infection which drags out the healing of a fracture from a shop accident months longer than normal—causing extra time lost, multiplying compensation costs. They may cause the uncoordinated movements which lead a worker to slide his hand into the power press instead of the metal bar or which fracture the skull of the fellow down the line because an unsteady hand (locomotor ataxia) was hauling the load overhead—and let it slip. They may cause the brain softening (general paresis) which accounts for the bad judgment of a plant manager or foreman leading to the wastage of a ton of copper or the production of an inaccurate machine tool. There's hardly a symptom or disease-picture which untreated syphilis can't imitate.



Pictograph Corp.

Gonorrhea, on the other hand, is a predominantly local disease involving the genital organs, mostly internally. It strikes much more commonly than syphilis—at least three to one—but since it usually has a short course while syphilis lasts for years, at any one time there are fewer cases. Gonorrhea is painful at the outset and sometimes incapacitating. The great majority of cases (particularly with the aid of the new "sulfa" drugs) ultimately recover without late effects, but in some the internal pelvic organs become the sites of chronic disease. This is predominantly true in women and as a result gonorrhea has been wisely called "the great sterilizer." Industry's losses from gonorrhea are probably nearly as great from the incapacitations of the great number of acute attacks as from prolonged disabilities of the smaller number of chronic, complicated cases.

But with both gonorrhea and syphilis, the danger to industry is *not* one of communication or spread of the disease. The germs of syphilis and gonorrhea are very fragile and do not live outside the human body as do the germs of tuberculosis or typhoid fever, for example. The venereal diseases are practically never acquired except by sexual contact in the early infectious period. There is wide misconception on this point, and many workers have been discharged when they had a stage of the disease which had ceased being infectious even under sexual exposure. Thus, while venereal diseases are neither acquired nor passed on in the shop they, nevertheless, exert serious ultimate effects on working efficiency.

The prevalence rates of venereal diseases in industry follow the same rules as in the general population: that is, they vary according to income. As with most bacterial diseases, syphilis and gonorrhea are much higher in the lowest-income groups. Avoidance of these infections requires education on how to prevent them, money to purchase prophylactic materials, and adequate recreational substitutes for sexual promiscuity—all of which are relatively inaccessible to the lowest-paid workers. Thus, the prevalence rates in any industry tend to depend on the wage rates. Where wages are high, as in a Milwaukee industry of nearly all skilled workers, the syphilis rate is 0.5 percent (one out of 200 has it); where they are low, as in a Texas oil refinery, syphilis is found among eight percent of the whites and thirty-two percent of the Negroes, reflecting the even lower incomes and living conditions of the Negro workers. The general prevalence rate in industry is about four percent.

Can anything be done to meet the problem of venereal disease in industry? There is hardly a disease where public

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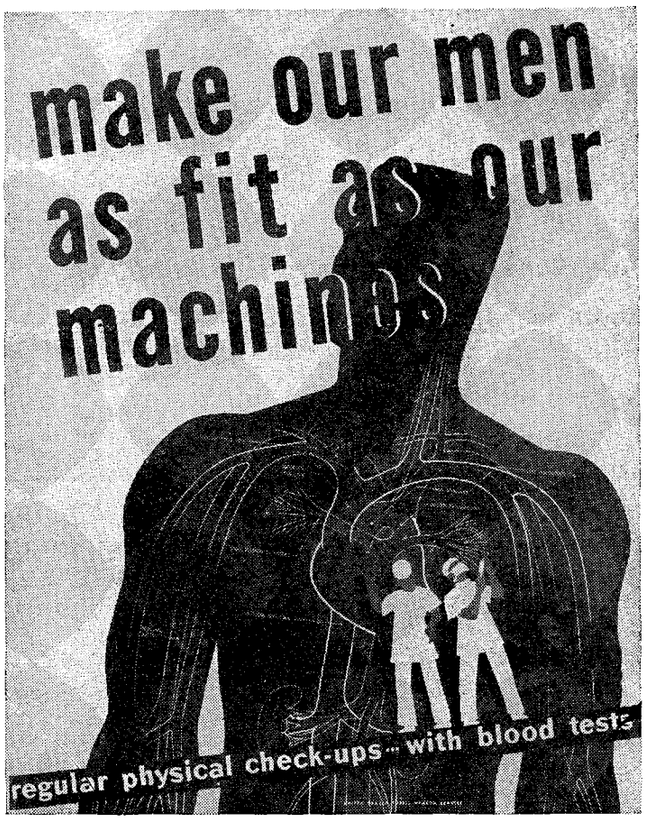
health knows more precisely what should be done for prevention and cure—if only it would be done. The problem is primarily a community burden—for the greatest source of these diseases is organized prostitution. The crusade against "vice" has been beclouded, however, by so many political, moral, and legalistic issues that the leaders of the current venereal disease control programs have been forced to circumvent prostitution and regard the matter chiefly as a public health problem to be attacked like measles or pneumonia. The fact remains that prostitution is the source of nearly all cases in the armed services and most cases in industry, and it must be eliminated by united community action. "Legalization" has always failed because the business always increased under official sanction and the infected girl remained in practice "illegally."

But before prostitution is eliminated by direct police measures, or by removal of its underlying social causes, venereal diseases can be greatly reduced by treatment of the infectious case. Every infectious case acts as a fountain-head for a little epidemic around him or her. If he or she is promptly treated, the stream of infection is dammed up at once. There is no reason to expect a great difference in morality between Britain and the United States, yet by the policy of treating the infectious case, Britain has reduced its syphilis attack rate (relative number of new cases occurring each year) to one-seventeenth of ours, while Sweden's is less than one-hundredth of ours.

PREVENTION of new cases, however, doesn't settle the problem we know to be the greatest in terms of immediate industrial efficiency—the late effects of chronic infection. This can be dealt with by discovering all cases in the plant and promptly treating them. The greater problem by far is syphilis and this can be detected by the simple process of withdrawing a teaspoonful of blood from each worker for a Wasserman test. It is important that *every* worker be routinely tested, for when only those who are "suspected of having syphilis" are examined, the vast majority of cases are missed (since syphilis is so commonly free of outward symptoms). Once cases are discovered they can be put under treatment promptly so that the late complications will be prevented and the sub-normal working energy which often accompanies the "latent" infection (before any special organ is struck) can be eliminated.

The chief difficulties in obtaining examinations of workers for syphilis have been the cost and the trouble. Yet how much less costly would this be than the $10,000,000 spent annually for the institutional care of the syphilitic blind alone than the $31,000,000 spent annually for the care of the syphilitic insane; than the unestimated millions spent annually for the treatment of cardiac or congenital syphilis; than the cost of prolonged week-to-week treatment for those thousands of patients who might have been cured in one-half or one-quarter the time had their disease been discovered earlier. This is not to mention the costs to industry of increased labor turnover and reduced working efficiency. Or the cost to society of the lost years of working life caused by death from untreated syphilis—1,100,000 man-years of life lost in the premature deaths each year. And the cost to the war effort.

Another difficulty has been the justified fear of workers that Wasserman test results would be used against them for ulterior reasons—or simply the fear that they might be discharged for a disease which they frequently did not even realize they had. Nothing could be more unwise—both from the industrial and the general health point of view—than to discharge a man merely because he has syphilis. For this destroys his earning power, reduces the likelihood of his being treated, and induces others to hide their infection lest they too are fired. Yet this is exactly what thousands of firms do. Fortunately, public health officials have induced changes in these short-sighted policies. Increasingly the policy has been established to *detect the cases and keep them employed so long as they are treated.* Once under treatment, "early" cases are rendered non-infectious and "latent" cases are protected against the dangerous late effects.



Poster message issued by US Public Health Service. The times demand that men be in excellent physical condition to make and use weapons of war.

The crux of the matter is the secrecy of the Wasserman test report. An ideal plan is for the test record to be known solely by an impartial health agency, with the worker being notified individually if he needs treatment. Clinics are generally available for the free treatment of the worker who cannot afford a private physician.

The drugs to cure or arrest syphilis are at hand. The "five-day treatment" offers great promise for the rapid cure of the early infectious case. The sulfanilamide derivatives have changed the management of gonorrhea and its complications to a simple procedure with the likelihood of cure in ninety percent of cases properly treated within two weeks. With systematic detection methods, all venereal disease could be eliminated from industry. The late effects, at least, which cause the most serious impairment of production could be prevented.

Labor unions should themselves take the initiative in demanding in their union contracts venereal disease control measures as part of a larger health protection program. Such measures should include (1) routine diagnostic Wasserman tests, with the guarantee that no worker will lose his job because of syphilis alone (so long as he is willing to be treated), (2) systematic education on venereal diseases, including prophylactic sex hygiene, and (3) provision for competent treatment of any diseased workers who cannot afford a private physician of their own choice. Health measures should be as basic a stipulation of the labor contract as wages, hours, or working conditions. If satisfactory arrangements cannot be made with management, labor should go directly to local public health officials and ask for a venereal disease case-finding, educational, and treatment program—as well as for other industrial hygiene services. There has never been a time when greater success in such industrial programs could be expected or when greater good could be accomplished. Venereal disease is a fifth columnist in the battle of production that we have all the necessary forces to destroy—if we will but set about to do it.

NORMAN GIBBS.

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SKY WARDEN

How those privately owned planes help the army keep its air watch.

MY FRIEND with the airplane gave the primer a couple of jabs, then pulled out the starter and shoved it in again. The powerful engine roared and we moved across the field.

"This is a lousy field," said Joe. "Soft sand; too small."

My friend is a lucky guy. He's in a position to own his own ship, a four-place cabin. He used to have it on Floyd Bennett Field until the Navy took over; then he moved it to Roosevelt; then to —— Field. Right now he's building up time to meet the Army Air Corps requirements for private pilots in his category—300 solo hours of which 100 must have been flown in ships over 200 horsepower.

We taxied around the field till the engine temperature was right, and then he gunned it and we moved across the bumpy sand. The ship gave a short leap into the air, hung, and began to climb. Under us the swampy land was cut into broad patterns, and the air was full of the rubber-smelling smoke from the factory across the water. The ship climbed easily at about 400 feet a minute as Joe held it into a climbing turn.

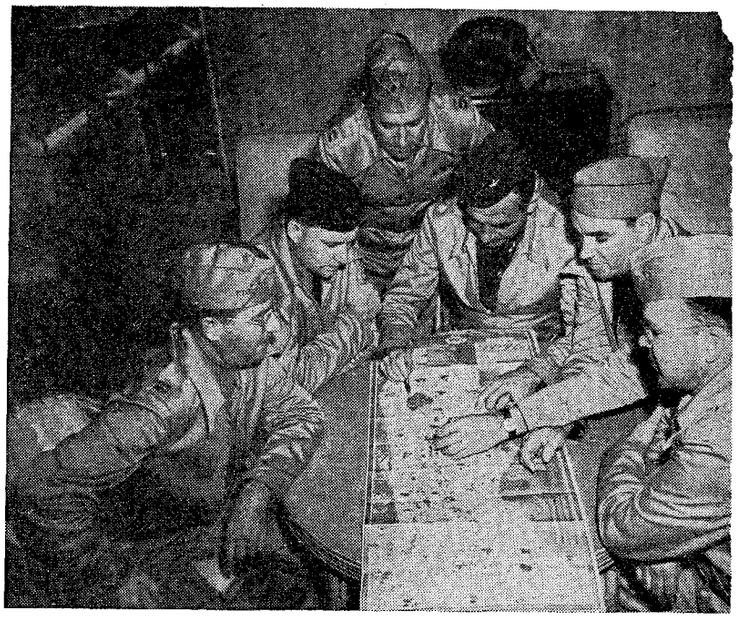
I looked down. Within sight there were two other small fields, where students of the Civilian Pilot Training Program were hopping around in the inevitable yellow Cubs. They hung over the field like a flock of goldfinches and seemed to be barely moving. We climbed out over them and turned into the east. The compass swung around, Joe throttled the engine back to 1900 rpm, and we sat back to enjoy the scenery.

THE day war was declared every civilian pilot in the country was grounded. Then began a slow process of reinstatement. The pilots needed recommendations and references, so that the government could be sure no airplanes got into the hands of enemy agents. An airplane can be used for many purposes, even if it's not a military ship, and in the hands of the wrong people, the purposes for which it can be used should be obvious.

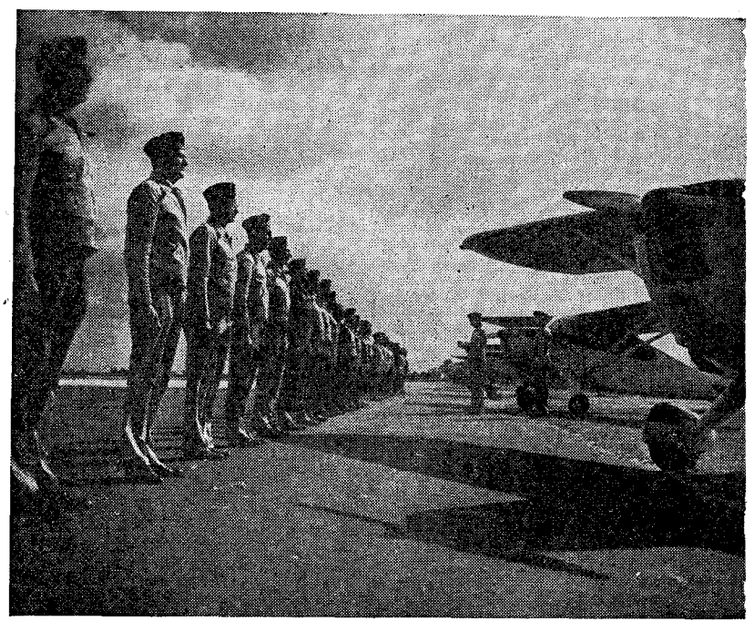
Joe was reinstated, and then he applied for membership in the Civil Air Patrol. He's being inducted this week, after a routine checkup by the authorities; and then he'll be assigned. Meantime, he wants eventually to make the air corps.

Joe turned the ship over to me, and it was good to feel it again after so long a time. You need money to fly when you're my age, and I haven't got it. He knew I'd tightened up the minute I got my hands on the wheel, so he put his hand on my thigh, and I relaxed. I think I blushed, but what the hell, it's been over two years since I handled an airplane, and then it was a sixty-five-horsepower Cub. The principle's the same; all you need is practice.

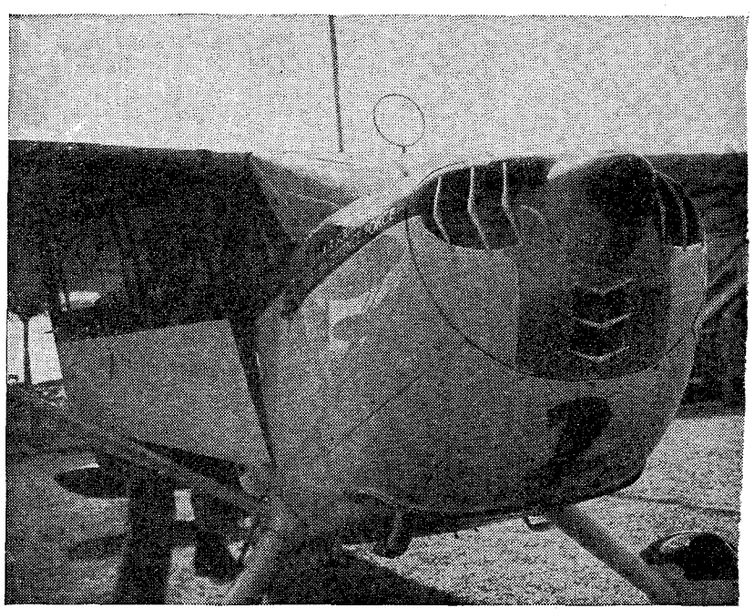
The cabin ship responded to the slightest pressure on the controls. Joe signaled me to make a left turn, and I leaned into it. It was all right; it wasn't as sloppy as he must have expected, even if it *was* a little rough, but it pleased me and I



Civilian pilots map the air highways which they will patrol.



Line-up on the air field for last minute instructions.



Hopping into his Grumman Widgeon for a flight over the Florida coast.

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didn't care if it pleased him. I was having fun. I got the nose up a little high, and he pushed forward on the control column, and I must have blushed harder; I could feel the heat in my face. He nodded and I leveled off and headed it back toward the field. We were at 2,000 feet.

From 2,000 feet you can see all the things a Nazi airman would see if he should get this far without the Interceptor Command knocking him out of the sky. There was a big factory below us, and near the factory there was a field of some thirty-odd oil tanks, looking like pillboxes stuck in the earth. I wondered why they hadn't been camouflaged, or why, for that matter, no effort had been made to conceal the factory. Maybe it takes time.

There was a funny feeling thinking about the new restrictions on civilian flying. On the West Coast there's no civilian flying for 150 miles inland from the Pacific. In the East you can't fly beyond a radius of three miles from your base without permission of the Interceptor Command. They want to know why you want to go where you want to go, how you're going (ship, course, time anticipated for the flight), and they want a report of your arrival. The reasons are obvious.

"When I get the CAP insignia on the ship," Joe shouted, "I can go anywhere I want while on duty. Without it I'm likely to get shot down by anti-aircraft."

He pointed to the east, where I could see the crossed runways of —— Field, the local army airport. There are lots of military air spaces these days, over which it is forbidden to fly; also other "airspace reservations" that are out of bounds. All this is logical and heartening. But it cramps a pilot's style, especially Joe's, for he's made a lot of cross-country flights, north, south, and west. And his ship, as he puts it, is "a sweetheart; she just wants to be let alone."

I LET her alone. I took my hands and feet off the controls, and she rode the bumpy air like a boat at sea. They've built so much inherent stability into these modern planes that once you get them upstairs, you can practically turn them loose and they follow their own nose in normally smooth air. When they hit a bump they right themselves. It's reassuring; and if the average land-bound "kiwi" knew these facts, he'd be less afraid of the idea of flying. *(Kiwi,* n.—pilot's term for a bird that can't fly. *Not* Webster.)

We came in toward the field and Joe took over. He set her into a glide, one hand on the wheel, one on the throttle. The engine popped a few times, and I could see that we were overshooting. Joe opened her up and pulled back on the wheel and we climbed right out of the field again, banking steep to the left and up and around again. He shook his head.

"Don't like that field," he said. "Too much soft sand."

We came around again and Joe took a longer shot at it and held her off till we were past the soft part; then he sat her down. She sat like a bird landing, and a slight application of the brakes brought her to a stop.

"Nice?" he said.

"Sweet," I said, with a mixture of exaltation and sorrow. (If you've ever been bitten by this bug, you know what I mean.)

The guy who ran the little airport came trotting up.

"They phoned me from over there," he said, waving his hand toward the neighboring airfield. "They said you'd better get up a little higher; they've got seven solo students in the air today."

"Okay," said Joe.

ALL over America today young men are taking primary instruction. The Civilian Pilot Training Program and the Army Air Corps have let out contracts to civilian flying schools to train young men. They get thirty-five hours' solo time and a private license; then the army takes the best of them, gives them a "basic" course and an advanced one. If they don't wash out of either of these, the chances are they'll be flying our fighters and bombers as pilots, navigators, bombardiers, depending on their talents. They are the Doolittles, the O'Hares, the Colin Kellys of the immediate future.

But there are a lot of private plane owners and private pilots who are either over the air corps' age limits or can't make the grade as instructors. To utilize their flying skills and keep them flying, the Civil Air Patrol was organized. They have a job to do.

Some 30,000 of them, with and without airplanes, have already registered with the CAP, and once they are inducted they are set to work. The work they do (both men and women) is on a purely voluntary basis, like the rest of the jobs in Civilian Defense, and they can devote as much or as little time to the job as they can afford.

Once inducted, the CAP volunteer is at the disposition of one of the nine regional commands established on the basis of the War Department's corps areas. Each command is in charge of a regional commander, with wing (state) and group (two to five squadrons) commanders under him, and, down the line, squadron and flight leaders. The entire organization is responsible to a national commander, who cooperates with the War and Navy Departments, and the lower branches of the CAP cooperate, in turn, with regional offices of the OCD, state and local defense councils, and aeronautical bodies of one sort or another.

The purpose? To organize the civilian aviation resources of the country for national defense service. There are many jobs to do, and the CAP pilots, co-pilots and navigators, observers and radio men can take over many jobs that now involve the activities and energies of the military aviation services.

Some of these jobs—guarding airports; courier service cross-country, carrying either messages or personnel; observation patrols over back-country or uninhabited coastal areas; towing aerial gunnery targets for the military air forces; ferry service for training or observation types of aircraft; mechanical services to military aircraft which may land on civil airports; identification of enemy aircraft; gathering information about home terrain for the use of the military arms; patroling for highway traffic under conditions of evacuation; searching for military craft forced down or crashed in out-of-the-way areas.

Joe tells me that the patrol is in active service today. Each civilian plane is manned by two pilots; carries a two-way radio set. They are reaching out from the coast far out to sea, and they report by radio what they have seen—if there was anything to see. Behind the men and women who fly the planes there are volunteer mechanics, both aircraft and engine, control-tower operators, clerical workers and drivers of cars and ambulances, first aid instructors, specialists and instructors in meteorology and blind flying, aerodynamics, navigation.

"What say?" said Joe. "Shall we go upstairs again?"

"Why not?" I said.

"It's hell," he said, "flying around this postage stamp, but I'll get my insignia this week from the CAP; then I'll have wings again." I must have sighed.

'Cheer up," he said. "Shall I gripe you more?"

"Sure."

"All right. After I get my 300 hours, if the air corps won't take me, I'll get me a job instructing. I don't relish the idea of being ridden around some *other* postage stamp all day long by a bunch of students, but it's more useful than not flying at all."

He doesn't relish it, I thought. He wants to help us win the war. Do you think I relish sitting at a typewriter, I thought, when birds like you complain because you have to fly around a postage stamp? *Me* that once had all of twenty solo hours?

"Take her off," I said, "and I'll show you how I used to make vertical turns."

He grinned, pulled on the primer. "Okay, pal," he said. "You show me."

I could have socked him for that. ALVAH BESSIE.

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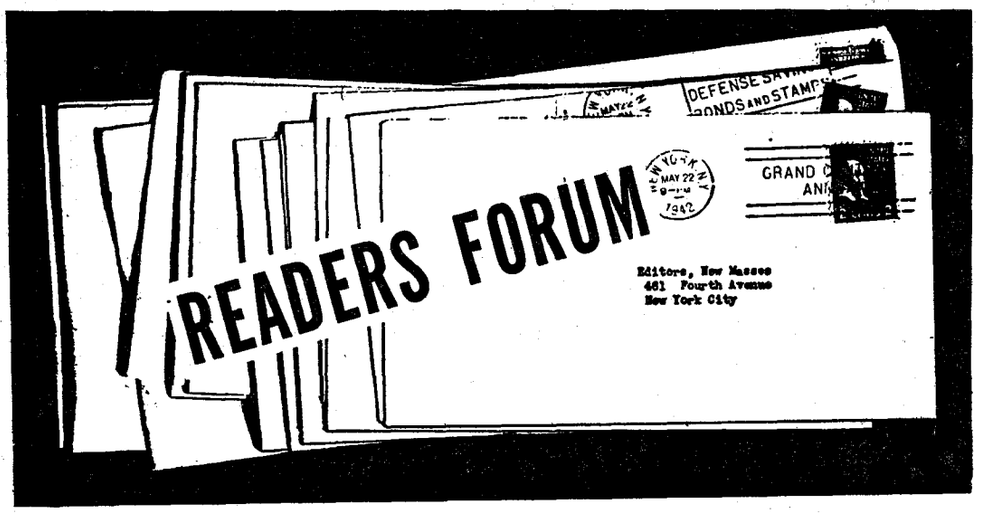

The Middle Way

TO NEW MASSES: We regret very much that we never see your paper here any more.

As to culture we are nearly totally isolated. We have not seen English or American newspapers or magazines since August 1941. Book dealers promise American novels and scientific literature, but they never seem to get across the ocean. There is, however, no rationing of German books or magazines. The propaganda publications from Berlin are many but they don't sell very well here.

The country of the middle way has not changed much. The other day seventeen newspapers—Social Democratic, liberal, and even conservative—were confiscated because of an article on the methods used in Norwegian prisons. Ten newspapers were confiscated because of an article they published on what the Nazis have done to the Russian youth in territory occupied by the Germans. A little while ago a Nazi editor was declared not guilty in a trial concerning his use of a phrase "Stalin the mass murderer." So you can see the objectivity of Swedish laws.

One hundred and thirty-five delegates from all parts of the country participated in the Swedish Young Communist League congress held last Easter in Stockholm. The main question discussed was the defense of our national independence.

Do you ever get our student magazine *Kulturfront?* The first issue appeared last September. We sent it to you in the hope that there was still some chance that it might reach you. We try to imitate your NEW MASSES as much as possible.

All of us send you and your magazine our heartiest greetings. In a year or so our national isolation will be broken forever. Then we will once again be able to read each other's writings.

Stockholm. T. J.

More on War Songs

TO NEW MASSES: In the article "Battle in Search of a Hymn" (NM, May 19), Samuel Sillen is a little off-key. For one thing, he assumes that if there were any good war songs America would be singing them. The fact is, most of the people in America learn songs by hearing them on the radio, in the movies, or on the juke boxes. So in trying to figure out why Americans sing the songs they sing, you also have to figure out just how much choice they have.

The records for America's juke boxes are chosen by five or six scouts for the major juke box companies. The juke box boys have their own stupid opinion of American culture. And suppose, therefore, Mr. Sillen did find a song with "us" in it. Where would he take it? How would he distribute it?

The whole vast network of music distribution is a slick machine. Standards are set by the music publishers and the songwriters accept them meekly, scrape a low bow, and wonder what the hell rhymes with "champagne." Record companies turn out whatever songs the "name" performers want to record. And "name" performers use the songs the music pluggers hand them. Even the network sustaining shows are handled with an eye focused on the advertising agencies. Take the "Hit Parade"—a radio program that features the ten "most popular" songs. How does it tell which songs are most popular? By checking sheet music and record sales, radio performances and juke box listings.

The song market in this country is about as open as the editorial page of the Chicago *Tribune*. And that brings up another question: "Would people sing good songs even if they could get hold of them?"

A few months ago the Almanac Singers appeared on a commercial radio show—"We, The People." They sang a song about air raids, "Taking It Easy," and another, "Round, Round Hitler's Grave." The program brought in some interesting fan mail. One letter was from Rogue River, Ore.: "Country folks just can't take it when somebody tries to lead them around by the nose, but let somebody do it in a nice melodious way with a simple tune, and we're for it hook, line, and sinker."

There was a letter from five army pilots in Texas, asking for copies of the songs. "You keep 'em singing," they wrote, "and we'll keep 'em flying." A schoolteacher from Tulsa, Okla., and another from Charlotte, Mich., wanted copies. So did others from Kenova, W. Va., and Portland, Ore.; the head of the Kansas City American Legion, the music secretary of the YWCA, and a lady from Chaffee, N. Y., whose brother went down on the *Reuben James*. The songs were sung by army pilots during a practice blackout at their field in Alabama and at OCD rallies in Chicago. Yet when the Almanacs presented their songs to a large publishing firm, they were asked to bring around "something more in the popular style."

Those same songs were sung to 40,000 tank workers in Detroit's Cadillac Square a few weeks ago. A UAW executive wrote, "The singing gave life to the entire mass meeting; that will never be forgotten by the Detroit auto workers."

That brings up another point about song distribution—the unions. There is plenty of evidence to show that when the unions get hold of their own music they can find ways to get the songs around. Hundreds of unions have published songbooks and song sheets, and have printed songs in their papers. More Americans have sung "Solidarity Forever" than have ever sung "Blues In The Night."

When an album of union records called "Talking Union" appeared last summer, the juke box companies and big record shops wouldn't touch it. So the unions took on the job. "Talking Union" was sold in union halls, played at union meetings, and rolled through town on a union sound trucks. Union records turned upon the juke boxes of waterfront hangouts in Port Arthur, Houston, and all the way down the Gulf to Mexico. One NMU member reported that the "Song for Harry Bridges" was on the juke boxes in Australia.

It's not exactly fair to compare "John Brown's Body" and "Yankee Doodle" to "You're a Sap, Mister Jap," and then howl, "Where are our poets?" The songs that compare with "John Brown's Body" are still being written. Leadbelly's "Tear Hitler Down," is one, and Earl Robinson's new "Battle Hymn" is another. And the Almanacs' "Reuben James" is still another.

What makes good songs? I think that the answer is in folk music. The Spanish loyalists sang folk songs. The Red Army is singing folk songs, and so are the Chinese. Folk songs, songs in the people's language and in the people's tradition. Songs made up yesterday and this morning.

It's about time for somebody to slap down the idea that folk music means archaic ballads and hill tunes. Folk music is a living art of working people writing about their own lives. That lets out sparkling champagne and moons over Miami. It means assembly lines, wives and kids, love, the sound of machines, and the way wheat comes up. It means saying it straight, with no tricky rhymes, strained puns, and tortured metaphors. It means writing simply, with the color, imagery, strength economy of an ordinary working man's speech. "Ballad for Americans" was a step in that direction.

Occasionally the good songs get through. A guy walks into his shop singing one, or a union mimeographs a songbook, or a boy heads from Kentucky to Detroit and takes his guitar along. And sometimes, when enough people sing them loudly enough, they echo up into the chromium and leather offices of the radio chains and the record companies. There's a better chance of that now, because the government is doing some music distribution of its own. Earl Robinson's new "Battle Hymn" was recorded by the Treasury Department and shipped to radio stations across the nation. The Almanacs appeared on "This Is War," "It's the Navy," "The Treasury Hour," and shortwave broadcasts by the Coordinator of Information to the AEF.

Since the WPB order cutting record production to 30 percent of last year's output, the juke box companies haven't quite as much choice as they once had. The songs are getting through. Slowly, painfully, they are being shoved through every crack in a nationwide wall of juke boxes. And every time a good song is heard, it sows the seed for a long harvest. The Tin Pan Alley tunes are plugged, they skyrocket, and then die. The worthwhile songs move slowly, dodging a record company here, slipping into a radio show there. They keep moving. Like the people who sing them, they are made to last a long time.

New York City. MILLARD LAMPELL.

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NEGRO CARAVAN

A new anthology of Negro writing richly implements the understanding of the American tradition. Interpreting the character and quality of Negro culture

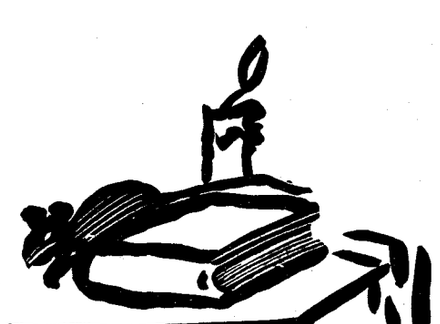
STERLING A. BROWN, Arthur P. Davis, and Ulysses Lee, editors of *The Negro Caravan* (Dryden Press, $5), aimed in their anthology at "a more accurate and revealing story of the Negro writer than has ever been told before." They have gone a long way toward achieving this purpose. Earlier collections by James Weldon Johnson, Carter G. Woodson, Benjamin Brawley, and other Negro editors, were confined to specific literary forms or to special periods. *The Negro Caravan* covers the whole range of Negro expression in America from Phyllis Wheatley and Jupiter Hammon to Langston Hughes and Richard Wright. Every literary form is represented in this comprehensive and scholarly anthology: the short story of Charles W. Chesnutt as well as the Faneuil Hall speech of Frederick Douglass; the anonymous spirituals, work songs, and blues of the folk as well as the historical essay of Carter G. Woodson; the poetry of Dunbar and the drama of Theodore Ward; the autobiography from Milton Clarke to Angelo Herndon and the novel from William Wells Brown to William Attaway. A work of this richness and scope heightens one's awareness that the average anthology of American literature is at once the victim and, however unconsciously, the agent of Jim Crowism in critical judgment.

More than 200 selections in this volume confirm the editors' thesis that "When the Negro artist has expressed his own people, he has almost always refuted, or differed from, or at least complicated the simpler patterns of white interpretation." The myth of the "contented slave" evaporates in Frederick Douglass' short story about Madison Washington, who led an uprising in 1841 on the *Creole,* a ship engaged in the domestic slave trade. The self-effacing "mammy" of a fraudulent tradition that extends from J. P. Kennedy to Margaret Mitchell becomes a militant and heroic figure in Richard Wright's "Bright and Morning Star." There is nothing "naive" in the aphorisms of the folk: "De price of your hat ain't the measure of your brain," or "Appetite don't regulate de time of day," or "It pesters a man dreadful when he git mad an' don' know who to cuss." And there is surely nothing "exotic" about Joshua White's "Now, silicosis, you made a mighty bad wreck of me."

The best white writers have of course avoided the grooves and stereotypes of convention; yet even the most clear-sighted, whether Melville or Mark Twain, Erskine Caldwell or Paul Green, do not support the view of publishers' blurbs that "white authors know the Negro best." The editors of this collection emphasize, and the evidence is overwhelming, that the "inside view" of a people is more likely to get at the essential truth than the "outside view." A play like Theodore Ward's *Big White Fog,* a volume of poetry like Sterling Brown's *Southern Road,* a novel like Attaway's *Blood on the Forge* or Wright's *Native Son,* a spiritual like "If I Had My Way," a biography like Arthur Huff Fauset's *Sojourner Truth* projects the meaning of Negro life in America, its tensions, its torments, its desires, as few works by white authors have been able to do. It is to be hoped that more and more white writers will study and deal with Negro characters, as Albert Maltz has so brilliantly done in *The Underground Stream.* But Negro experience needs, in the first instance, the voice of Negro artists for its richest and most intimate expression.

IN STATING this agreement with the editors of *The Negro Caravan,* I am arriving at what appears to be a divergence of view on one question. For I believe there is a serious inconsistency in the editors' approach to the problem of Negro culture in America. Is there a "Negro culture," a body of "Negro literature"? If so, what is its character, and what differentiates it from the larger patterns of American culture into which Negro experience is so closely woven? These questions are of the first importance, particularly in evaluating historically a body of work such as we are presented with in this volume. I hope that the editors and other readers will comment on the validity of what I am about to say.

In their introduction the editors emphasize that they consider "Negro writers to be American writers, and literature by American Negroes to be a segment of American literature." Nobody could reasonably take exception to this view. It is thoroughly sound. But the editors seem to feel that this view contradicts the belief that there is a recognizable structure of experience and expression that is specifically Negro. They believe that to speak of *Native Son,* for example, as Negro literature would be "just as misleading" as "to classify Clifford Odets' plays about Jewish life as 'Jewish literature' or James T. Farrell's novels of the Chicago Irish as 'Irish literature' or some of William Saroyan's tales as 'Armenian' literature." They state that "In spite of such unifying bonds as a common rejection of the popular stereotypes and a common 'racial' cause, writings by Negroes do not seem to the editors to fall into a unique cultural pattern." And they add that "The bonds of literary tradition seem to be stronger than race."



I believe these statements are based either on a misconception of what a national culture is or on a denial that one may speak of a national culture at all. Saroyan's tales are of course not "Armenian" literature (though I don't pretend to have found a satisfactory adjective), nor Odets' plays "Jewish" literature, nor Farrell's novels "Irish" literature. But it does not at all follow that *Native Son* is therefore not Negro literature. For the fact is that there is in this country a Negro people in a concrete historical sense that cannot realistically be applied to Armenians, Jews, and Irish. Indeed, the selections of *The Negro Caravan* almost uniformly reflect the existence in America, over a long period, of a substantial part of our population bound together by a basically common social and cultural experience. The economic, political, cultural development of the Negro people cannot for a moment be considered apart from that of the American people as a whole; but neither can it be considered identical to that of the rest of the population. Negroes are not merely a "minority" among other minorities, as the editors suggest. They are a minority with the specific attributes of a nation, in the same sense (the status is, of course, different) as the Ukraine or Georgia is a nation forming a part of the multi-national Soviet Union.

To say this is not to invite, as the editors fear, a "double standard of judgment." It is not to encourage discrimination. On the contrary, a recognition of the national basis of culture, as of the national basis of Negro life, is a key to fulfillment and liberation. For our history since Reconstruction days testifies that Bourbon oppression rejects the concept of a Negro nation or a Negro people, while the most insurgent and democratic forces in Negro life have been nourished by a sense of identity

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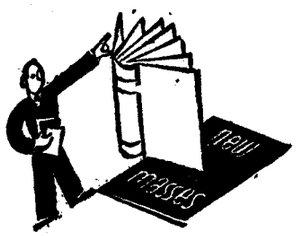

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and common aspiration. This is not a matter of "racial" cause. The cause espoused by a Frederick Douglass as well as by a Max Yergan or Paul Robeson is that of a people. To reject the concept of a "Negro literature" is to relinquish the basis for that affirmation, pride, and consciousness which sustain the struggle for freedom.

To be sure, the writings of this people do not fall into a "unique cultural pattern." But the difficulty here is with the word unique. The editors rightly emphasize that Negro writers have been influenced by white writers, and one might add vice versa. They rightly break down the myth that there is an unscalable wall between the culture of white groups in America and that of the Negroes. But the interpenetration of cultures implies the existence of more than one. Would anyone deny that Jefferson was an American writer because he had been influenced by the French ideologues, or that Bryant was an American poet because he had been influenced by the English romantics?

The historical continuity of the writers represented in *The Negro Caravan,* the basic homogeneity of experience they reflect, is not to be seen in stylistic peculiarities or "racial traits" or anything very mysterious. As the introduction points out, Negro writers have been strongly influenced by "Puritan didacticism, sentimental humanitarianism, local color, regionalism, realism, naturalism, and experimentalism," and all the other literary isms of various periods. But one sees a pattern despite differences of style, individual temperament, economic status, educational opportunity. What virtually all of these writers are saying in effect, though in quite different ways, is that being a Negro in American life has meant an attachment to a people whose total experience as a community has a historically evolved structure. The subject matter is invariably oppression and the struggle against oppression. And this oppression is not merely that of all other underprivileged in this country, although the two are inseparably linked. It has a specific character which pervades the sensibility of every representative spokesman of the group.

The division of the anthology according to literary forms tends to obscure historical relationships. Arrangement in terms of key social periods, regardless of formal distinctions, would perhaps give a clearer picture of that continuity which Richard Wright has so powerfully dramatized in *Twelve Million Black Voices.* But the materials are abundantly present, and the editors' cross-references are very helpful. Folk literature is given appropriate emphasis. One sees the profound transition, startlingly quick and abrupt, from feudalism to modern industrialism. One sees the link between the Negro and the white Abolitionist, the momentous merging of the Negro and the white worker in the modern period. It is regrettable, however, that a figure like James W. Ford is unrepresented in the section of social essays, for in his own career, in his writings, in his capacity as a leading spokesman for the Communist Party he sums up the most progressive and liberating tendencies of our day.

Not to avoid the term Negro literature, but rather to define and implement it is the job of criticism, I believe. For this literature has a proud tradition, and its future growth will be the glory of American letters. Because of the people whose will to freedom it must reflect, it is bound to be bold, realistic, militantly democratic. We are greatly indebted to the editors of *The Negro Caravan* for their diligent research, expert literary judgment, and supreme devotion to the task of making available the achievement of their people in the written word. Our universities no longer have a shred of excuse for omitting the study of Negro letters. Here are the materials which should stimulate discussion on the part of Negro writers and white as to the meaning of American tradition and the problems of its fulfillment. For it is utterly impossible to separate these problems from those of winning the war. Indeed, the appearance of this important and exciting volume in this period is a sharp rebuke to the Tories who fetter the war effort by continuing to fetter the Negro people. It is a valuable reminder that the stoutest fighters for American freedom were ever to be found among those who, despite every obstacle, enriched and invigorated our inheritance. To prolong the injustice against which these writers so eloquently speak is to imperil the existence of America. SAMUEL SILLEN.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Strategy for Disunity

AMERICA'S STRATEGY IN WORLD POLITICS, *by Nicolas John Spykman. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

GEOPOLITICS, *by Robert Strausz-Hupe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.*

PROFESSOR SPYKMAN'S book has created a good deal of excitement as the first application of "geopolitics" to the United States, but most of the reviews I have seen have been deceptive. The book has 472 large pages, but of these, only the last twenty-five are exciting by any standard. The great bulk of the book is a kind of pot-pourri of politics and an elementary course in geography. It is not always apparent why Professor Spykman had to write a little encyclopedia in order to get to the conclusions he undoubtedly started with. I suspect that if they had not been pasted on to a staggering collection of details, his ideas might not have seemed so impressive.

It was the last few pages that most reviewers were reviewing. In these, Professor Spykman considers the future and comes up with a recipe that was old in Metternich's time. The supreme message of geopolitics turns out to be the "balance of power" in the crudest and most traditional form. In Europe,

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says the author, we will have to build up Germany as a bulwark against Soviet Russia. In Asia, Japan has to be nursed along or "protected" to hold China in check. He considers the possibility of a European federation as a disaster to the United States because it would "weaken" us. Instead, he regards as the ideal solution the establishment of a few large units of power in Europe and Asia so evenly matched that they will exhaust each other in mutual rivalry and put the United States in a position to manipulate the "balance of power." The main lines of the notorious article in a recent *Collier's* by Professor Renner of Columbia University, which has so disturbed Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, are all here.

The strangest thing is that the latest fad—geopolitics—should have so little that is new to contribute to the discussion of the future. With a few changes in tense, Professor Spykman might easily have been describing the worst part of the recent past. The perfect expression of his ideas was Sir John Simon's behavior toward Japan in 1931 and Neville Chamberlain's treatment of Germany in 1938. For many generations, in fact, British Tory policy was exactly the equivalent of this geopolitical vision and the world is neither a happier place to live in nor is Britain itself any stronger for it. It is not too much to say that Spykman wants the future United States to take over Britain's bankrupt past.

Strangely enough also, Professor Spykman clearly explains in one place why the British "balance of power" refused to work or rather why it always worked itself into war. Europe "never stays balanced," he complains. "Dynamic forces are always shifting the relative strength of states" and "eventually the balance has to be preserved by war." Agreed. Unfortunately, he seems to forget Britain's experience when he comes to prescribing for the United States. He forgets that the "balance of power" is really a form of war, a war of temporary stalemate, at any moment likely to break out into violence if one side or the other thinks the risk is justified. From the "balance of power" to the "struggle for power" is only a stage in a single process. It is a difference in degree, not in kind. As Professor Spykman says, "preserving the balance of power is a permanent job." He should have mentioned that lately the work has been terribly underpaid. It is nothing but the preparation for another war, though it is rather startling to read the possible causes of World War III in the midst of World War II.

Professor Spykman finished his book after Pearl Harbor. By that time he knew how much depended on our allies, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, China, and the rest. By then, the United Nations were already a reality. He cannot have the illusion that our allies are scorching their earth and shedding their lifeblood to make us a gift of the "balance of power" in Europe and Asia, that is, the power to decide their futures. Yet, if Professor Spykman has any influence, our allies will be treated exactly the same as our enemies after the war. This is clearly putting too great a strain on their naivete and good will. This is certainly putting the cart of imperialist war aims before the horse of common victory. If we need those allies to win and survive, any vision of the future which poisons our relations with them in the present is not only viciously selfish; it is disastrously self-defeating. There is nothing so poisonous as promising to treat our allies as if they were our enemies and vice versa. There is nothing so hopeless as fighting to restore the rotten, ghastly past. Geopolitics, in the United States style that Professor Spykman prescribes, is still working for the enemy.

It would be interesting to know what Maj. Gen. Prof. Doktor Karl Haushofer, the official Nazi prophet of geopolitics, would think of Professor Spykman's contribution to the cause. For Robert Strausz-Hupe makes a sharp distinction between the "balance of power" and the geopolitical concepts. "Geopolitics constitutes a radical break with this whole tradition" of the "concert of powers and the balance of powers," Strausz-Hupe writes. Apparently someone has blundered. The Nazi variety of geopolitics always has a strategical objective. As Strausz-Hupe says, it is a "school of strategy" in war and this adds a certain spice and meaning to its dry and abstract data. It is doubtful whether Professor Spykman's "balance of power" policy takes the place of Haushofer's aggressive expansionism. In any case, Strausz-Hupe's book is a guide to geopolitical literature, mainly Haushofer himself, and fills a need in our knowledge of Nazi strategy. It summarizes the writings of Ratzel, Kjellen, Haushofer, and others, in the light of present-day problems though the critical part of the book is the weakest.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Poets as Pilots

THE GARDEN IS POLITICAL, *by John Malcolm Brinnin. Macmillan. $1.75.*

LIGHTS IN THE VALLEY, *by Maxwell Bodenheim. Harbinger House. $1.50.*

RECENTLY, at a rather cacophonous concert of modern American music, this reviewer was struck again by the similarities between the arts of a period. The qualities of much of what I heard that night were the qualities of much of our modern poetry. And the vocabularies of criticism, though specialized, may with little effort be applied to each. How many of our poems and scores alike are characterized by an absence of easily grasped melodic line, by atonality, lushness of orchestration, elusiveness, wit. In short, the glitter of sharp minds rather than the overflowing of deeply felt emotion.

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There is—they will say—a constant need to go back and unravel, with the result that the line seems frequently better than the stanza and the stanza better than the total poem. And so the poets write for poets and the publishers charge the costs to prestige advertising.

Perhaps what is needed is the kind of sharp but fruitful criticism that helped transform the earlier, juggling Shostakovich into the fine people's artist he is today. Poetry, too, I think, will have to loosen up, to embark on longer flights, to sing more, to contribute its richness and its insight to the theater, the dance, and the documentary film. And this revitalization is most likely to appear not among disintegrated people—no matter how talented—but rather among those who have a purpose beyond themselves, who have—so to speak—a tonal center, those who are allied with the architects of progress.

As John Malcolm Brinnin puts it in his excellent title, today "The Garden Is Political." It is indeed, although the politics have now taken the extreme form of a war of survival, and even in the garden

. . . the air raid's splattered signature displays
A bitter artistry among the trees.

But this poet is sensitive to the forces of renewal too: "The beautiful rebellious . . .," the UAW organizers who speak "The resurgent language of the pioneer," those who fought fascism in Spain and who now lie "In freedom's necessary crypt." In "The Alps" he looks down upon a Europe already being overrun by the arch-conquerors and he is confident of the ultimate victory of those who are today wrecking the Hitler war machine from within:

The crafts of simple men, instructed arms,
Survive in corners like neglected snow . . .
Where freedom is an art whose laws remake
The shape of equity, whose masterpiece
Is triumph and release
Of power in the heart to build or break,
The temporary artisans of war
Keep bootless tenancy; the hands of the free
Work silently;
Their wheel is choice, their gift superior.

Disciplined, subdued, intelligent—Brinnin's work is definitely worth reading. Occasionally, as in "O Troubled Heart" and "The Ascent," he will lapse into obscurities, tortuosities, and the overblown surrealist imagery that even a Lorca sometimes fell victim to. But if he does not arouse and flame, Brinnin's voice always has the calm strength of a belief in that community "That flowering in the culture of decay, Turns death to seed within our living day."

MAXWELL BODENHEIM'S latest book of poems pours revolutionary wine into more traditional bottles. His forms, rhythms, and rhymes are impatiently simple, as if he had too much to say and no time to absorb the evolutions in poetic technique during the past twenty years. His work—skilled as it is within the older disciplines—will not interest the eso-

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teric estheticians of those poetry journals where the oblique is always preferred to the forthright. And it's true that at times Bodenheim is too pat, too easily satisfied with generalizations about society that are always sincere but not always poetry.

And yet, after thirteen novels and eight other books of verse, there is an exhilarating vitality in this writer, a warm love of his fellow man, a hatred of oppression, and frequently a scalding wit. He has said good-bye to his former mysticism and bohemianism, and he advises his old companions

"That poetry will never fly, increase,
Until the bottom source knows lasting peace."

The Home Relief Bureau, the picket-line, the slum tenement, the bloody courage of southern labor organizers—all these acres of the dispossessed are his province, and there he sings with strength and courage. And his beautiful sonnet on the wild rose flowering on the battlefield where cannons throw "Methodical, deranged profanity" will certainly find a place in future anthologies.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

Brief Review

THE FACE OF THE WAR, *1931-1942, by Samuel H. Cuff. Julian Messner. $3.*

Apart from certain political shortcomings, Mr. Cuff's book provides a useful chronology of the events preceding the present war, and a summary of military affairs up to the arrival of MacArthur in Australia. There is a fairly detailed history of all crucial "diplomatic incidents, with a record of the position of the more important states with respect to Manchuria, the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, etc. The miserable role of appeasement is contrasted with the unwavering policy of the Soviet Union—peace through collective security, peace without compromise.

The occasional sections of the book devoted to analysis are not particularly successful. Mr. Cuff's interpretations are generally two-dimensional, based upon and confined to the news dispatches which he reads each week over NBC's New York television station. For example, he does not include Spain among the countries which were subject to foreign fascist invasion, because he regards the Spanish civil war as a purely "local affair," a battle between the "left" and "right." He admits the enormous ideological differences between Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union, and acknowledges the practical consequences of these differences, yet speaks of their "actual" forms of government being the same.

This naivete extends to Mr. Cuff's conception of offensive action against the Axis. He thinks of major fronts only where they already exist. His idea of action in the West is limited to aiding the Yugoslavs and secondary action in Scandinavia. The opening of an actual second front will persuade Mr. Cuff to revise his estimate of its possibility.

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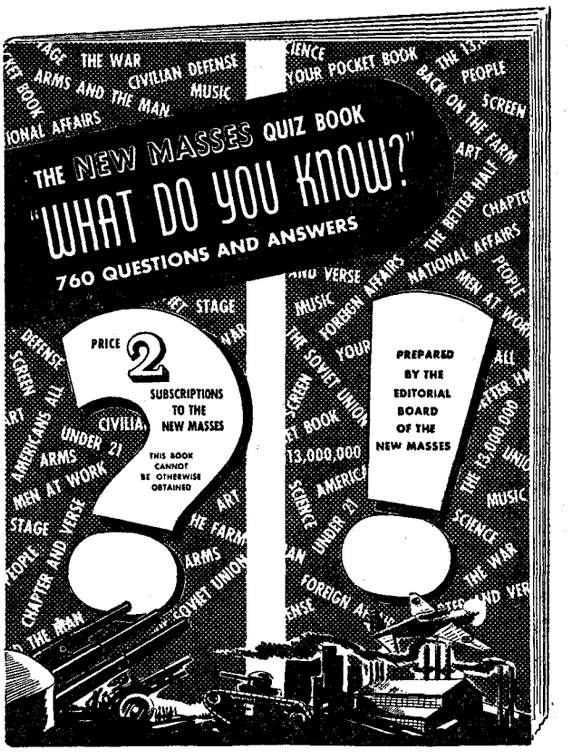
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WOMEN: HOLLYWOOD VERSION

Joy Davidman directs a few questions at the male chauvinists in the film industry. The attitudes that foster the "oomph" and "glamour" portrayals.

IN A few ill-chosen words Hollywood not long ago summed up a prevailing attitude toward women. The film was *Tom, Dick, and Harry*; the speaker, Miss Ginger Rogers; the line, approximately:

"It's as natural for a girl to want to make a good marriage as for a man to want to get ahead in business!"

The worst offense was that no offense was intended. The picture's producers would have been horrified at an accusation of misogyny; they sincerely believed themselves to be glorifying the American girl, and they did indeed present her as an engaging young lady. *Tom, Dick, and Harry* was an unusually original comedy, with much genuine wit and some genuine tenderness; yet *Tom, Dick, and Harry* accepted as natural and right and healthy the doctrine that the American girl should sell her sex in the most profitable market. Nor does the market end with marriage. Once caught, the husband must be held; and woman's life work, hundreds of films imply, is holding her man with the aid of the beauty parlor and judicious fits of the sulks. The movies dress this doctrine prettily; they adorn it with revealing negligees, demure maidservants, and incredible kitchens that are paradises of labor-saving gadgets. It remains, however, an uncomfortably close relative of the doctrine more succinctly expressed in Germany: *Kinder, Kuche, und Kirche.*

Yet, in the United States, the emancipation of women is part and parcel of the democracy we are fighting for. Increasingly, women succeed along lines once reserved for men; as in the Soviet Union and Britain, women replace men wherever possible in the war effort. Nor are their homes worse run, their children worse cared for. On the contrary; as any psychologist knows, women who have realized their potentialities as creative human beings make better mothers than frustrated women who must take all their ambitions out on their children. Thus the films are lagging behind the country. Their half-unconscious war against the emancipation of women certainly gives unintended support to one of the tenets of fascism—the deliberate debasement of womanhood.

Male chauvinism is a subtler, milder, more easy-going thing than, for instance, race chauvinism. Perhaps for that reason it is singularly persistent. Many a man who judges his own conduct by the most enlightened standards will apply far more primitive ideas to his wife's behavior; many a fighter for freedom has to fight also against the tendency to regard his womenfolk as property. Dominating commercial entertainment as it does, male chauvinism has the power of perpetuating itself. It is able to imply a dozen times a day that the measure of a girl's value to society is her erotic attractiveness. The radio serials and the popular magazines preach something called Love (= sex plus financial dependence) as the only real fruition of a woman's life. And a girl's "personality" itself, according to the films and the ads, is composed of cosmetics, charm, and that Ohrbach dress.

Now and then a movie actually discusses the "woman question," although there is a significant lack of films dealing with the historic fight of women for independence in any spirit but that of mockery. *Tom, Dick, and Harry* was fairly outspoken; it presented this "woman question" in terms of three alternative husbands—a millionaire, a go-getter, and a shiftless screwball. Although the heroine was a working girl, she regarded her work as nothing better than a stop-gap while she prepared for the "real business" of life. At first she chose the millionaire as the man who could most completely relieve her of all responsibility for her own existence; this was offered as the "practical" solution. Eventually, however, she eloped with the screwball, because her physical response when he kissed her was uncontrollable. This was the "romantic" and hence the "correct" solution. For "romance" is an indispensable adjunct of male chauvinism; it is obviously impossible for the films to advocate openly that women marry *entirely* for cash. The poor men would never stand for it. But *Tom, Dick, and Harry* never made any suggestion that the heroine might have something to offer the world as an individual; she was merely, to put it nakedly, something to be marketed. The salient feature of the film, indeed, was a series of dreams forecasting the girl's probable future with each man. In each case, her life was entirely what the man chose to make it.

A LOGICAL development of this thesis is found in the group of films dealing with the misunderstood wife. She is, inevitably, a woman of the idle rich or a prosperous suburbanite; usually with no children, always with no work. She has a genuine grievance, the complete thwarting of all her impulses to be a useful member of society. The wistful reactionaries who exalt the home-keeping woman of more primitive cultures overlook the fact that the home used to be the factory, and the home-keeping woman the most productive worker in existence. She made her bread, she made clothes, she turned out innumerable essential articles; further back she ground the raw grain and carded the raw wool, accomplishing not one but a dozen different productive processes on each article of consumption. The more primitive the culture, the more completely all productive operations were carried on by women, while man went out and shot the raw material with his bow and arrow. Now the work has moved out of the home; but the woman remains. She sits with folded hands, which is good neither for her nor for her family, as anyone can testify who has watched the idle mothers in our parks tormenting their children. And her grievance takes itself out in Mah Jongg, ice-cream sodas, or, in the film, simple dissatisfaction with her husband. He doesn't love her enough, he loves his business more, he actually forgets their wedding anniversary or expects her to be polite to his nasty old boss. Ibsen's Nora, many years ago, simply walked out of her doll's house to get a job. But the films have not caught up to Ibsen yet. Their heroines can think of only one escape—a new man. In *Skylark,* even in the progressive *Male Animal,* in a hundred other movies the heroine tries "romance" briefly, ends by realizing that she loves her husband best, and crawls back chastened among the dolls. Husband, for his part, promises to pet the cute little thing more often. Thus the thesis of these films is teaching woman to "know her place."

When the movies do present a woman with a career, they usually take care to make her suffer for it. Sometimes she has dependents and is consequently "forced to sacrifice herself" by actually doing something useful and interesting with her life. Sometimes an exception is made; she is a member of a "womanly" profession such as acting, singing, nursing, and recently even medicine. Such trades make her glamorous, and, as glamour is the standard by which woman is judged, such trades are excusable. Nevertheless her career always separates her from her man or

★

The two photomontages on the opposite page are from the current exhibition of John Heartfield's work at the Photo League, 31 E. 21 St., New York City. Heartfield, an outstanding German anti-Nazi artist now living in England, is known throughout Europe for his remarkable photographic indictments of the Hitler cabal. The montage on the left is called "Death Gives the Hitler Salute"; the one on the right, "Burning of the Reichstag." →

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her child, and after spectacular suffering she comes to realize that she must abandon art for the home. The cardinal point of woman's emancipation—the admission that she can have a successful career and a successful marriage too—is almost never made. *The Men In Her Life* is the latest of this vintage; there have been countless others.

Then sometimes we have such movies as *Woman of the Year,* whose heroine is a pioneer in a profession—journalism—still considered by Hollywood to belong to the male. (The usual girl reporter of the films is only marking time till she can catch an editor.) The cards are therefore stacked against the heroine by making her not a sane journalist but an insane dynamo, and belaboring her with a pathetically frustrated spinster aunt to show the horrors awaiting career women. In defense of this film it has been alleged that the heroine was not meant to retreat into the kitchen, being portrayed as capable of speaking twenty-seven languages simultaneously but as miserably incapable of making waffles. But this is just as male-chauvinist as the assumption that she belonged in the kitchen in the first place. Career women make very good waffles. So do career men.

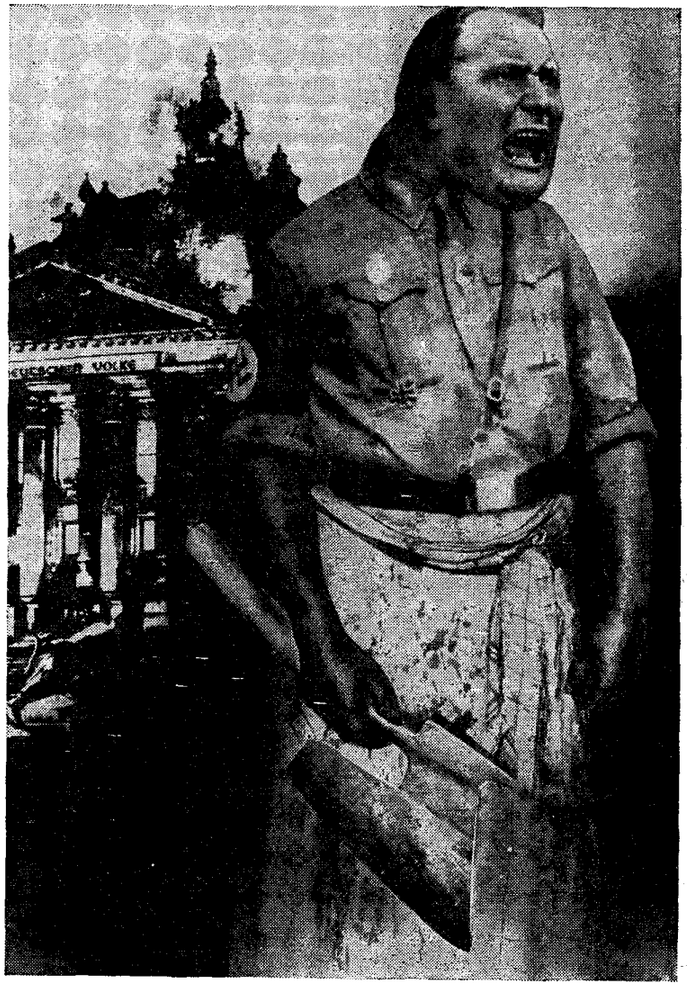
To the anti-career list I need only add the endless films caricaturing the schoolteacher—noble but crotchety; caricaturing, as in *Design for Scandal,* the professional woman—thwarted and "unglamorous"; and, above all, caricaturing the unmarried business woman, who appears again and again as that minor comedy character, the office sourpuss. (A mother, presented as such, is on the other hand never caricatured—she is always all-wise and all-sweet, except when she is a mother-in-law.)

Occasional movies contradicting this tendency should be mentioned: they are such films as *The Silver Cord* and *Craig's Wife* —ancient history now. But these were based on Broadway plays, and their type has almost disappeared in the prevailing conveyor-belt system of film-making. With the decline in film attendance there has come a decline in film quality from the 1935-39 high level. The mass production method throttles the many courageous and original people in Hollywood who might have something valuable to say on this and other subjects. There are, literally, only three plots being used in movies this year.

The Soviet film *Tanya,* whose heroine has career and husband too and makes a rich life for herself with both, is all the refutation necessary to the false husband-or-career alternative. But the deliberate attack on careers for women is only the male chauvinist's second front. It is doubtful whether all the film attacks ever influenced one girl to give up her job. Emotional attitudes, however, are more easily affected by films than are rational decisions; in other words, thousands of adolescent girls have been influenced subtly and perniciously in their expectations of life and their social relations by the antics of their favorite glamour girl. In forcing women into the harem, the important thing is to make the women like it; they must be induced to accept their unhealthy fate as highly moral and emotionally desirable. Consequently we have the whole *Back Street* school of films, glorifying a morbidly passive and self-effacing female type; the great range of movies, superficially quite inoffensive, which never say a word derogatory to women yet present them in a dependent and inferior position as a matter of course; and the still larger group of movies which apparently praise and "glorify" the American girl.

THE routine film heroine has no integrity, no sense, no reliability. She is always breaking off her engagement when a more enticing prospect comes along; yielding spinelessly to the blandishment of the brash youth whom she began by resenting; falling

Heartfield's Montages



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among thieves and Nazi spies; dancing helplessly in the background while the villain conks the hero; slapping faces at insults to her imbecile "dignity"; making an idiot of herself at baseball games. But ah, she has beauty! She has SA, she has It, she has Oomph; she has a wonderful apparatus for getting men excited. College students cry for her—according to the studio publicity department. That is all she knows on earth, and all she needs to know.

This phase of the attack on women is not clearly understood even by those who wage it. Producers select film actresses for their physical conformation; decorate them to enhance it; make it the whole point of a film; follow it around with the camera. They publicize a Veronica Lake or a Gene Tierney, whom nobody even pretends to consider actresses. They build movie after movie on the theme that Love is the Ultimate Reward of Life, especially when enhanced by furs and diamonds. In short, they attempt to educate girls for the happy life of the harem. But they do it quite without malice.

There are many reasons for the movie exploitation of sex. The most obvious is, of course, the box office; when you want to please an audience of 60,000,000 or so, it is not easy to find themes which will interest all of them. The most interesting theme of all—the real-life problems of the audience—is taboo in the films except to a group of progressives with the courage and the imagination to tackle such problems. The Frank Capras and the John Fords, the John Howard Lawsons and the Dalton Trumbos, may come to grips with reality. But, to most filmmakers, the only subject on which they are sure of interesting a vast audience is sex. It is the one thing that almost everybody has.

More significant than this nakedly financial motive, however, is the plain fact that film-makers write as they think. If they regard woman as a commercial article, that is because pretty girls come to Hollywood from all over the country to trade in their beauty. Beauty is a drug on the market in southern California, with the natural result—the price goes down.

This is still not the whole story, however. After all, film-makers were not born to the celluloid; they have known women in more normal settings, and there are plenty of independent and intelligent women in Hollywood too, to enlighten them. If film society really were a grotesque contrast to the rest of our society, as scandalmongers imply, the harem ideal would not be presented in many movies as a matter of course. But film society is not a contrast; it is an intensification. It concentrates in articulate people most of the prevailing attitudes of our civilization, good and bad. Some of the most devoted and clear-sighted anti-fascists of the country may be found in Hollywood, some of the finest artists, some of the most typical hard-working plain Americans. It is not by accident that southern California has become a Mecca for fighting intellectual anti-fascist

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refugees from all over Europe. But in Hollywood may also be found some of the most degenerate and parasitic elements of our society—the swamis, the astrologers, the debutantes, the fifth columnists, the reactionaries of every size and shape. Thus, in presenting woman as they do, the films present in intensified form an attitude that exists wherever reaction may be found; an attitude based at least in part on the facts. For there is no denying that thousands of young girls do think of themselves as articles for the marriage market; do track down a husband as the sole end of existence; and do feel cheated when they discover that glamourized Love is not a sufficient full-time occupation. Neither, let it be admitted, is having a baby.

How great a part the movies play in forming girls according to this pattern is not easily measured. Perhaps the greatest single cause of harm is in the compensatory mechanism which women develop, and which the movies encourage, to overcome the unhappiness of their frustration and disappointment —a mechanism which has made the neurotic, attention-getting woman so frighteningly familiar in our society. Taught to value herself only by her reflection in a man's admiring eyes, many a woman spends her whole time in desperate scheming for attention, in frenzied resentment of people or ideas that "come between her and her family"; many a woman clings pathetically to girlishness well into her fifties. These cases are not intrinsically inferior people but poisoned people; the film is not the major source of poison, but an important contributory cause of what amounts to an undermining of the family.

But the whole process of corruption-by-film involves a vicious circle. The movies, out of carelessness or miseducation or corruption, imitate and prettify some of the worst features of daily life; and life promptly imitates the movies. As real life has less money to spend than the movies, however, life imitates without prettifying, and the results of such imitation are hardly satisfactory. Meanwhile young women are miseducated out of respect for themselves as human beings, and—equally deadly—their menfolk are warned not to respect them. A superficial reform of the movie industry is not the corrective. The failure of the Hays Office and the Legion of Decency to achieve anything like intelligent *human* decency is the failure of the taboo imposed from without. The true corrective is in the education of the American people. When the people at last repudiate completely all expressions of male chauvinism, the movies will hastily follow suit.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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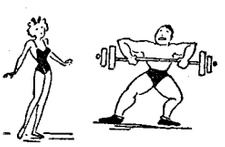
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